

JANUARY 1987

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SPECIAL REPORT
CN Shops on their way out

Atlantic Insight

Innovators

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**P.E.I.'s Regis Duffy:
Innovator of the Year**



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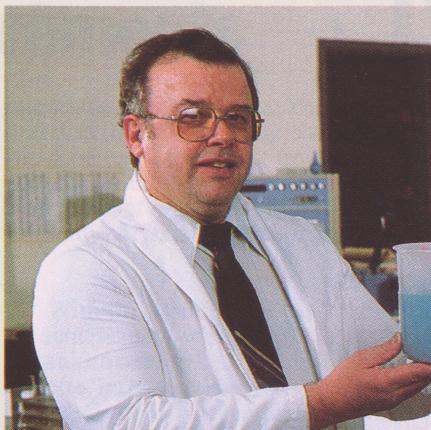
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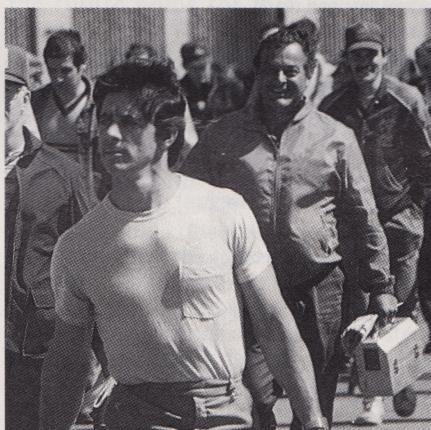


COVER

Regis Duffy of Charlottetown is *Atlantic Insight*'s Innovator of the Year. The story of his successful business and profiles of the other finalists show a broad range of Atlantic Canadian accomplishments.

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COVER PHOTO BY GORD JOHNSTON



SPECIAL REPORT

Closure of CN's main repair shops in Moncton, N.B., had been rumored for more than a year, so it was no surprise when the announcement to "re-industrialize" was made last June. The future is still not clear but it's certain that Moncton will never be the same.

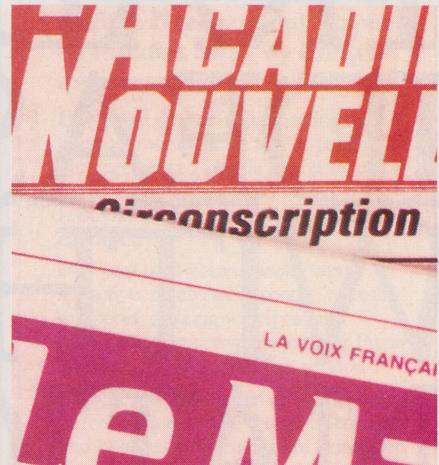
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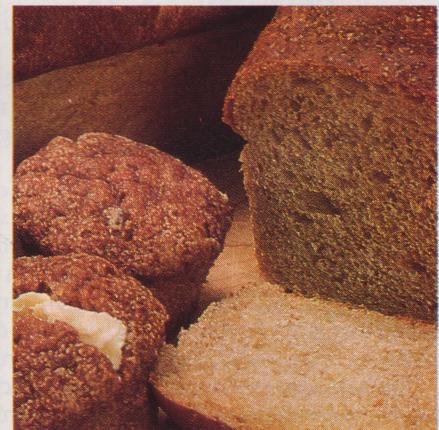
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MEDIA

The birth of a newspaper is usually cause for celebration. In New Brunswick, two French language dailies are fighting it out amid a controversy centred on government funding to the press. PAGE 28



FOOD

The incomparable taste of home-made bread evokes thoughts of warm aromatic kitchens, and of the days when freshly ground flour was bought from the millers of the Atlantic region. To this day, several mills continue the tradition of grinding wheat into a variety of flours for use in breads, oatcakes and muffins.

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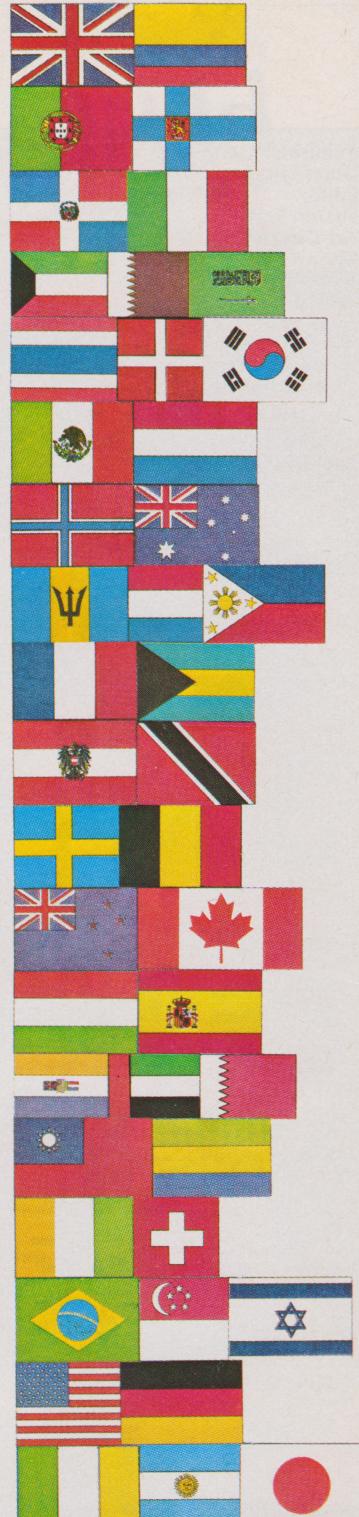
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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Let's celebrate our achievers and their achievements

It's been very exciting to work on our Innovator of the Year award which we launch with this issue. As you'll read in the special feature section beginning on page 11, there were some very impressive men and women who were nominated for this new award.

Innovation is a quality we know to be important in science, technology and business. The contribution of inventors is something we all learned in school. In recent years, we've come to think that innovators in business — people with an entrepreneurial bent, who can build new enterprises from scratch or who are able to find new ways of keeping established companies going — play a particularly valuable role.

Our winner this year, Regis Duffy of Charlottetown, is an innovator with one foot in each of these camps. His success is partly the result of technological innovations and new products, and partly because of the way he put together a small company that has grown steadily to employ more people each year (many in challenging high-tech jobs) serving markets which are thousands of miles from his home base in Charlottetown.

From the list of nominees for this year's awards, however, it's evident that we have innovators in fields beyond technology and business who are equally valuable for their contribution to the region. Among our finalists is an educator, Donald Glendenning, whose contribution has been in the field of technical and vocational education. There is also the MUMS group in Halifax (Mothers United for Metro Shelter), who have been active in their city and province and have made the public, politicians and bureaucrats sensitive to the social problems of inadequate housing.

Stan ("the Man") Johnson is a different kind of innovator altogether, a television show host of a regional program. Stan Johnson is brilliant at capturing the imaginations of kids in all four Atlantic Provinces, entertaining and educating them every Sunday morning.

Elsie Wayne is another type of innovator. Politicians are prone to tread familiar paths, to do the same things in the same way. You don't have to agree with everything Elsie Wayne has done to see how her ideas and her spirit have captured the attention and the affection of Saint John residents. As mayor, she's given that city new pride in itself.

We hope that these awards will help to generate a similar feeling in all of us in Atlantic Canada. We don't have many opportunities to celebrate our achieve-

ments, to point out and acknowledge the many extraordinary people who live and work here. It's up to us to do so, and these awards are intended to recognize the contributions of our outstanding innovators in many different walks of life.

* * * *

With this issue, there's another kind of achievement which I would also like to acknowledge. Our editor, Ralph Surette, has retired from his post and has returned to his former calling as a freelance journalist.

Ralph was with *Insight* for almost two years. He came with a desire to improve the journalistic quality of the magazine, and to cover more of the important news stories of the Atlantic Provinces. Sometimes these were background to the events of the day — like our July 1985 cover on the forest industry of the region and what the future holds for this key natural resource. On other occasions it was bringing together the details of stories most of us knew only from day-to-day press coverage, such as our cover feature on Richard Hatfield in November 1985 when he was in the midst of the most difficult phase of his political career. Sometimes Ralph ran stories because he felt that more of our readers should know about special people — for instance the December 1985 cover story he commissioned on singer Rita MacNeil. And at times he saw a need for hard-hitting journalism that told a story the other media only danced around — the best example of this was the cover feature on the incredible Donald Marshall case in our July issue written by Alan Story.

Ralph made a valuable contribution to *Atlantic Insight*, and deserves our heartfelt thanks.

* * * *

Our new editor, Sharon Fraser, takes over from Ralph as of this issue. Sharon comes to us with a background in print and radio journalism. Born in Minto, N.B., and raised in the Miramichi area of New Brunswick, she has worked extensively in the region. Her most recent post was as the first editor of *Atlantic Fisherman*, a bi-weekly newspaper published by a Nova Scotia-P.E.I. partnership and circulated to all commercial fishermen in the Atlantic Provinces. Sharon's work with that periodical was very highly regarded. She comes to *Insight* with a mandate to continue and build on the commitment to high-quality journalism represented by Ralph Surette.

— James Lorimer

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FEEDBACK

The right to self-rule

I read with painful realization your article: *Labrador: the worst problems in the Canadian North* (Oct. '86). It is a vivid demonstration of why native people should be given back their right to self-rule. As much as they don't understand the laws, customs and medicine of those who have come to "help" them, we share equal ignorance of their rapidly eroding cultures. That they have been unable to adjust to our materialistic and "modern" values is surely a sad reflection of the fallacy of such values as applied to their culture.

With such conflict and frustration, and no end in sight, is it any wonder the suicide rate, the amount of alcoholism, violence and family disharmony (and the list could go on) is so high? They need more than anything, to regain self-respect which can only come from more self-control over a more meaningful destiny than we have planned for them.

*G.M. Patey, M.D.
Kingston, Ont.
(formerly of St. Anthony, Nfld.)*

Hope of the Inuit

Your article on the Inuit people, *Labrador: the worst problems in the Canadian North* (Oct. '86), stirred a deep sense of indignation. It reminds me of the Beothuk tragedy, the only difference being a relatively less bloody, yet prolonged death. The Newfoundland provincial government, like most bureaucracies, often loses sight of its humanitarian foundations and becomes a "dead end" within itself. However, since the roots of Inuit degradation sink far deeper than social poverty into a loss of cultural identity and personal freedom, I suspect there is little compensation or even remedy for the evils wrought by British control. Chandler, Bown and other like-minded Inuit freedom fighters are quite justified in their rejection of "the system." A word of warning however: if the white man desires to improve the lot of Inuit — taking a back seat to Inuit politicians and admitting an entirely new, separate set of rules would be one step in the right direction. The hope of the Inuit obviously lies in people like Fran Williams — natives who take up their own cause. Don't you think we've caused sufficient grief for these past three decades with our condescending patronage?

*Marie A.E. Hammond
Fredericton, N.B.*

Divorce does not cause poverty

Single mothers, poor kids, (cover story, Oct. '86), was a poignant and forceful article. Such women are to be admired for their strength, stamina and adaptability; the difficulties and discrimination they endure stand in con-

demnation of the society in which we live.

But I fear your article had an implied message to which I take strong exception. You seem to suggest that these families would be in better circumstances had a divorce not occurred. Yet I suspect that most of these women would say that they, and their children, are better off alone, even if they are poor.

Divorce does not cause poverty. Poverty is caused by the inability of the mothers to earn a satisfactory income, and the unwillingness of the fathers to accept the responsibility of providing for their children.

Many of us single mothers have been fortunate enough to have marketable skills which have allowed us to provide very acceptably for our children. Others have undertaken to acquire such skills following a divorce.

Only those women who are dependent on a spouse for their standard of living are a "divorce away from poverty." Let's by all means help these women to survive, and acquire marketable skills while doing so. But let's also start telling young women that it is very important for them to acquire an education and develop marketable skills so that they can function as independent self-reliant persons. Girls should not be socialized to believe that "falling in love" and having children are their primary goals. And women should not be socialized to believe that any man is better than none.

*Phyllis J. Frick
Athabasca, Alta.*

Politics in Nova Scotia

Just a comment on the article entitled *The politics of gay-bashing* (Oct. '86). This issue of homophobia bears remarkable resemblance to the politics of McCarthyism — a petty politician looking to create a petty issue. My hope is twofold: that Nova Scotia attorney general Ron Giffin leaves his post in a fashion similar to the exit of McCarthy, and that Nova Scotians elect real politicians capable of providing real leadership.

*Anthony L. Fenton
Vancouver, B.C.*

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*Ed. Note: We would like to acknowledge an error in the December 1986 issue. The Special Report, *Atlantic Canada as a refuge for the persecuted* was written by Valerie Mansour — her name was inadvertently omitted.*

A glossy paper product gets a New Brunswick welcome

The official opening of the new paper mill created more headlines than jobs but Miramichiers look to the company for stability

by Richard Starr

On the Miramichi — where past glories are sometimes re-lived as an escape from present economic troubles — they don't mention George Petty in the same breath as the Beaverbrooks, Cunards or Dunns of days gone by. Not yet, at least. But Petty, a Montreal financing whiz with a talent for rescuing troubled pulp and paper mills, may some day be admitted to that pantheon of business heroes.

Petty, who's president of Repap Mills, has been in business on New Brunswick's fabled river for more than a decade. But he wasn't well known in the area until this past fall when he celebrated the official opening, in Newcastle, of Canada's most up-to-date mill for making glossy coated paper. It's hoped the new Repap mill will break the age-old boom and bust cycle of the area's pulp and paper industry by turning out a finished product with a guaranteed market and thereby providing ongoing employment.

The mid-October opening was no routine ribbon-cutting. Brian Mulroney — a crony of Petty's from his days as a Montreal lawyer — flew in for the event, as did investors, paper wholesalers and publishing company executives from Chicago, Toronto and New York. Premier Richard Hatfield, whose government invested \$10 million in the \$247-million mill, was also on hand, as were 5,000 visitors, mill workers and townspeople. The \$2-million price tag for the bash has been described as insensitive in an area where many people are struggling. But it's virtually the only criticism Miramichiers have aimed at George Petty — a charismatic figure whose track record inspires confidence.

Over the last two decades Petty, now 52, has been building a virtual legend in the North American pulp and paper industry by gambling on mills that, for the

most part, no one else wanted. And he's done it with flair.

"He's got great vision and drive," says Tim McCarthy, president of the New Brunswick Federation of Labour and an electrician at the new mill. "Whatever he's gone into seems to have paid off."

It's no accident that labor leaders are among Petty's fans. Repap has interests in six mills in Canada and one in the U.S. It started in Temiscaming, Que., in the late 1960s, when the Canadian Interna-

tional Paper mill shut down and stayed closed for a year. The community hovered on the edge of death until Petty, formerly a sales executive for the company, pulled things together. He obtained loans from the credit union, backing from provincial and federal governments and equi-

ty from unionized former employees to re-open the mill. It's still thriving today.

In 1984 Repap bought Acadia Forest Products at Nelson-Miramichi, a mechanical pulp mill with a history of shutdowns. The wheeling and dealing that led to this fall's celebration didn't begin until ten years later when Petty spotted an opportunity — a growing demand for the coated paper used in glossy magazines, advertising supplements and catalogues.

Rerap was already operating one coated paper mill, employing 1,000 people in Wisconsin. (Typical of Petty's whirlwind style it was purchased in '76 with a \$300,000 down payment scraped together by various means including a \$38,000-mortgage on one Repap executive's house.)

But Petty wanted to increase his company's production. He decided on Newcastle as the site for a new state-of-the-art coated paper mill and planned, originally, to use pulp from Repap's own Acadia Forest Products mill and also from the kraft pulp mill at Newcastle, a chemical mill that was owned by the giant multinational, Boise-Cascade. It turned out that Boise-Cascade wanted to sell in-

stead. And when the deal was announced in 1984, Repap needed \$400 million, including \$120 million to buy the Boise-Cascade operation.

Petty raised more than half through federal grants and loans from governments and financial institutions, but he ran into problems when he tried to raise \$134 million through the sale of limited partnerships. Ironically, old friend Mulroney's administration had changed the rules affecting the tax treatment of limited partnerships after Repap had already taken steps in that direction. After five months of lobbying, with some help from Mulroney, the government agreed to waive the new rules in Repap's case and the sod was turned for the mill in May 1985.

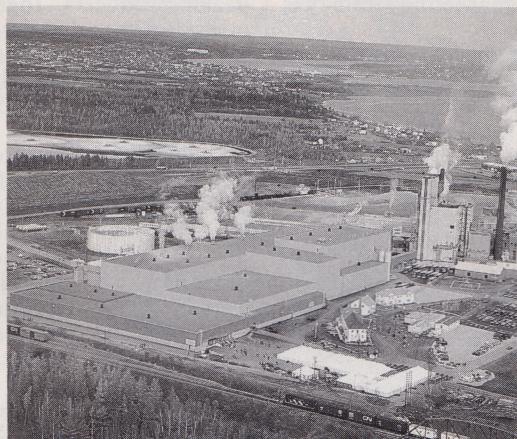
Fifteen-hundred construction workers were employed at the peak of the project and the mill opened ahead of schedule on July 12, 1986. By the time of the official opening in October it was turning out 537 tons a day, close to its 600-ton capacity. And most of the production was already sold on long-term contracts, the bulk of it to the U.S. and Europe. (*Atlantic Insight* is one of Repap's new customers, but despite local rumors the company insists that *Playboy* is not — they say *Playboy* is printed on heavier paper than the type produced at Newcastle.)

The new paper-making equipment is the fastest and most modern to date and machines, not people, do most of the work. Only 150 workers are employed in the mill, and all but 42 of those new jobs have been cancelled out by other jobs that were lost when Repap modernized the Acadia operation. But the company employs more than 2,600, in total, in its mills and woodlots on the Miramichi, and people there are philosophical about the lack of new jobs created.

"The most important thing is that the mill will stabilize and secure existing jobs," says Newcastle mayor John MacKay. It will guarantee markets for a third of the output of both the Acadia mill — which in recent years has suffered poor demand for its products — and the kraft paper mill.

Production in Newcastle, combined with Wisconsin, makes Repap the fourth largest coated paper producer in North America — trailing three huge multinationals — and the company is growing on other fronts as well. It recently purchased an operating sawmill in Prince Rupert and a shut-down pulp mill in nearby Terrace, B.C. And rumor has it that Repap is eyeing the Swedish-owned Stora Industries mill in Port Hawkesbury, N.S.

Rerap is still considered to be relatively small in an industry dominated by multinational giants such as Bowater Mersey and Noranda, and given this handicap the company's record to date is especially impressive. All of this is encouraging for many on the Miramichi whose fortunes, for better or worse, are now entwined with George Petty and Repap.



Rerap's new mill already has long-term orders

Family farms threatened as potato power shifts

The marketing of P.E.I. potatoes is under study once again as farmers split the vote on whether to disband the marketing board

by Ann Thurlow

Elmer MacDonald can hardly contain himself. He's the chairman of the Prince Edward Island potato marketing board — a passionate defender of the way P.E.I. potatoes are marketed and of the board itself.

The 1956 act under which the board was constituted says the board can be disbanded if 51 per cent of potato farmers vote to do so. On Oct. 10, 1986, 50.6 per cent of the 985 farmers voting chose the option to disband. The National Farmers Union, which spearheaded the plebiscite, was quick to claim victory. Said NFU spokesman Gordon Vessey: "If that many farmers vote against the board in a year when potato prices are high, you know a lot of them are really dissatisfied."

But the act clearly specifies 51 per cent, which leaves the board in an uncertain position and the Island's Liberal government with a big problem on its hands. In announcing the results of the plebiscite, agriculture minister Tim Carroll called the numbers "rather inconclusive" and said he wouldn't be rushed into making any decisions. Even if a clear majority of the farmers had voted to disband the board, as happened in an earlier plebiscite, Carroll has the choice of allowing the board to carry on. But Carroll is known to be unhappy with the way potatoes are marketed and has taken the vote as a mandate to examine the problems plaguing the potato industry. To that end, Carroll and Premier Joe Ghiz appointed Fred Driscoll as a one-man Royal Commission to investigate potato marketing. Driscoll is a former minister in the provincial Progressive Conservative government and is currently a history professor at UPEI.

It's the instability of potato prices that prompted much of the concern that led to the vote. In 1984 and '85, potato farmers had difficult years. Many faced deep financial troubles — some even lost their farms. But 1986 was a good year. And it's that constant "boom and bust" cycle, the problem of not knowing the price a crop will fetch when it's put in the ground, that has some farmers feeling dissatisfied and bitter.

Then there's the problem of acreage control. The potato marketing board has no control over how many acres farmers can plant. Despite pleas from potato experts in past years, farmers continue to plant large crops. But in order for that large crop to be worth anything, there has

to be a crop failure in one of North America's other potato-growing regions.

Despite the fact that the yearly gamble with large acreages doesn't always work out, farmers appear loath to voluntarily cut back their acreage. Also figuring into the equation is the continuing move to establish a national potato marketing agency, as is done with other commodities. It was tried in the early '80s, but P.E.I. farmers voted to block the move. Nevertheless, some farmers now believe a national marketing strategy is the only way to go.

And it's no secret that Tim Carroll agrees. But as it's constituted, the Island's potato marketing board has no power to enter into an agreement with a national potato marketing agency.

There are other issues as well. The plebiscite came on the heels of a provincial government buy-back scheme to help farmers get rid of their unsold potatoes. Some farmers believe the board handled its own role in the buy-back badly. Others complain about the seven cent per hundredweight levy that the board charges each farmer to cover its own administrative costs.

All of this criticism leaves MacDonald feeling a little angry. He's concerned that people are expecting the potato marketing board to do more than its mandate requires. He says the board has a good record for promoting Island potatoes and answering the needs of consumers and that it has helped increase the Island's share of the world potato market. He adds the real credit should go to those farmers who market with aggressiveness — a trait he fears will be lost in a more tightly controlled industry.

But underlying all the talk of national marketing strategies and acreage control is a deep — and largely unspoken — reason for the division in the potato industry. It's the relationship between potato producers and the dealers — the people who buy the crop. Even in the early days of the Island potato industry, the dealers had enormous control over the

farmers who grew the potatoes. They sold the bags, the fertilizers and other necessities, often on credit against next year's crop. But as the potato industry expanded, so did the role of the dealer. From a kind of benevolent company store approach has grown a powerful international business. In some cases, producers must rely on dealers to give them a price for their potatoes early in the season, just to get the credit necessary to get a crop in the ground. Sometimes, the final price for potatoes is higher than what the farmer got.

Elmer MacDonald thinks that the extension of credit by dealers is a good thing. He points out that without it, some producers wouldn't have a crop at all. But some farmers feel the control dealers exercise is just too great — so great in fact that they're unwilling to voice their complaints publicly for fear of reprisal.

Of the nine members of the potato marketing board, the majority are dealer/producers. Together with the 71 other dealers and dealer/producers in the

province, they control a large chunk of the Island potato acreage. The board is elected by the potato farmers themselves. Elmer MacDonald says if the farmers don't like the representatives on the board, they should vote them out. Gordon Vessey says it's not that simple. "The dealers have a lot of power out in the country," he says, "and they use it."

In fact, it would appear that the plebiscite was in part a case of the small producers against the industry giants.

While the 49.4 per cent who voted to retain the board represent a smaller group in real numbers, the number of acres controlled by that group far exceeds the number of acres controlled by the 50.6 per cent who voted in favor of disbanding.

What this all seems to come down to is the survival of the small, usually family-owned and operated farms. These are the little guys — the ones who feel increasingly squeezed by the dealers and the free-wheeling marketplace. Those who defend the system as it now exists say it's up to these farmers to make it on their own in the industry. Those who aren't making it say the industry has stacked the cards against them.

It will be Fred Driscoll's task to sort through the concerns and chart the future course for the Island potato industry. He must weigh the Island's place on the national and international scene against increasing calls for more control, and consider the power of the dealers against the traditional Island way of life.



MacDonald defends potato board

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THE STAR, JULY 1983 PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Family farms threatened as potato power shifts

The continuing of P.E.I. potato is under threat from a decision yet to be made on whether to dismiss the existing Board.

Even though the P.E.I. Potato Board has been in existence for 100 years, the future of the organization is in question.

On the one hand, the Board is seen as being



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PROVINCIAL REPORT NOVA SCOTIA



Dumping on the quota system

Nova Scotia's fisheries minister John Leefe takes aim at the federal quota system and makes friends in the industry

by Greg Pritchard

Ask Willard Grover if Nova Scotia fishermen break the rules when reporting their catches, and he'll look you straight in the eye. "Ninety-nine per cent of fishermen mis-report," says Grover, who's been fishing out of Larry's River on the Eastern Shore for years. He adds that they do it because the federal fish quotas are "just not working."

Traditionally, fishermen have wanted changes in the system. And last fall, Nova Scotia fisheries minister John Leefe created a public brouhaha when he denounced the federal quotas as "meaningless."

The statement, which was made at Thanksgiving, caught senior bureaucrats off guard and surprised party faithfuls who weren't used to seeing the Tory boat rocked in such a manner. Federal fisheries and oceans minister Tom Siddon quickly dismissed Leefe's allegations, and the disagreement was seized upon eagerly by the media.

At the core of the disagreement is the 1986 Atlantic Groundfish Management Plan, which was drafted in federal circles. Many doubt that it is working and they point out that Leefe was only adding his voice to what others within the fishing community had been saying less publicly.

The common complaint along the coast last summer was that fishermen in all segments found it necessary, in their opinion, to circumvent the management plan regulations. Prices were at an all-time high, the market was strong and quotas weren't big enough to meet the demand. In an industry where good news is notoriously scarce, the temptation to break the rules can be compelling.

Leefe, who represents the fishing constituency of Queens, on the province's South Shore, is clearly aware of this. And he says he's had a hard look at statistics. "If one takes a look, for example, in the Scotia Fundy region at the statistics which

tell us how much fish was shipped out of Nova Scotia last year, and then you turn around and figure out that volume in round fish, there is significantly more fish caught than the amount that has been recorded," he says.

Spokespeople in the federal government and industry call this an oversimplification. But, with quotas expected to be cut in 1987, the industry is becoming alarmed. Gordon Cummings, president of National Sea Products, claims that his company's share of the quota has dropped by 21 per cent over the last four years.

Cummings says that while National Sea's share was being reduced, other segments of the industry received increases. If stocks are declining as claimed, he argues, it can be attributed to factors such as overfishing by foreign fleets, mis-reporting of catches by the midshore dragger fleet and seal herd problems. William Morrow, National Sea's chairman, quickly points out that his company was not involved in mis-reporting, adding that the Department of Fisheries and Oceans (DFO) has accurate records of landings from their vessels.

But Willard Grover and other fishermen disagree. "Log books are unreliable," says Grover, "and the amount of unwanted fish that is being discarded is scandalous." (One practical problem with the quota system is that, when the nets are hauled up, many of the fish that have to be thrown back because of the quotas are already dead and therefore go to waste.)

"The biologists don't know what's going on," says Grover, who's a member of the Scotia Fundy Groundfish Advisory Committee. "How can they? They take a few samples in selected spots but they don't spend anything like the time fishermen do on the banks. Last year we caught bigger cod than I've ever caught for years. That's a sure sign that the fish

is plentiful," he adds, pointing out that the catch was so good last summer he could have loaded his 50-foot dragger, the *Sheila Pauline*, in two days if regulations had permitted. "If the stocks were depleted you couldn't do that," he maintains. Grover says that when fishermen know this, then they lose all faith in the management plan.

Yarmouth lawyer Clifford Hood, who represents a number of inshore fishermen in Southwest Nova, also criticizes the plan. He cites numerous confrontations that have occurred throughout Atlantic Canada between fishermen and the DFO. And he questions whether the DFO understood how much fish the inshore fleet was actually taking at the time when it divided the quota between inshore and offshore sectors.

"Now the inshore are increasingly finding themselves with limits and being cut off," says Hood.

In calling for changes, John Leefe says that Ottawa's present policy is an invitation to cheat. "There's no encouragement for people to report honestly and until that incentive is built in to the system we are not going to have a sound statistical base from which to work."

Given the widespread dissatisfaction with the federal management of the fishery, many have wondered why Leefe felt it necessary to go public with his condemnation. Usually such matters are handled — with varying degrees of success — more quietly through federal-provincial channels. One senior DFO official has suggested that Leefe acted out of frustration, having grown tired of a lack of action on the issue, and made the decision to exploit an eager media on a holiday weekend.

Mayor Lawrence Mawhinney of Lunenburg thinks the provincial minister was "right on" in his criticism of the federal plan. "There are a lot of people who do not understand the present state of the fisheries," he says.

There are others, however, who suggest that Leefe acted with political motives. They note that the affable Leefe, a former Liverpool high school teacher, is a likely successor to long-serving South Shore federal MP Lloyd Crouse, who has said he will not re-offer in the next election. As provincial fisheries minister, Leefe has steered a cautious course. He's avoided making enemies with fishermen or processors and, by aiming his controversial criticisms chiefly at defenceless federal bureaucrats, he's found many kindred spirits in the fishing community.

Meanwhile, the sea continues to boil. National Sea's Gordon Cummings has called for a full inquiry into the circumstances surrounding Leefe's accusations, while federal fisheries minister Tom Siddon euphemistically says Leefe was misinformed.

To fisherman Willard Grover it's all the same old story. "It's politics. That's the way the fisheries are being run these days and we poor fishermen can't do much about it."



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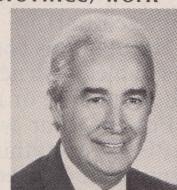


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- **Regional Economic Development Program** -- through which the Department provides major funding for the operation of 12 Regional Commissions which cover the province, working for economic development on a regional basis.
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Strike radicalized unions

For that reason, Fraser March is unrepentant while admitting that he called a strike with no clear-cut demands

by Peter Gard

Stags are known to lock horns and die in the embrace. There were moments, last fall, when Newfoundland and Labrador's "duelling presidents" — Fraser March of the Newfoundland Association of Public Employees (NAPE) and Neil Windsor of the Treasury Board — looked willing and eager to do the same.

As events turned out, no lasting damage came of the contest.

NAPE president March was jailed for two months and the union fined \$110,000. However NAPE's 5,500-member General Services (GS) and Maintenance and Operational Services (MOS) bargaining units escaped all other threatened punitive actions. They emerged from the battle bloodied and impoverished, but with morale intact.

On the government side, Treasury Board president Windsor won political points for his hard-line stance that the Peckford government would not bargain with illegally striking workers.

Public opinion was firmly behind NAPE when 1,200 of the province's poorest paid and ill-treated public employees walked off the job last March 3, following four years of unsuccessful dickering for an equitable contract.

On the ninth day of the strike, government misjudged its mandate and orchestrated the mass arrest of union leaders and strikers on the picket line. Public indifference turned into a landslide endorsement of union goals.

Banking on that support, Fraser March called out another 3,500 workers, making further arrests impractical and shutting down government services.

By April 6, the government side had had enough. It signed a conciliatory package, agreeing in principle to NAPE's demands for wage and contract parity, free collective bargaining, an objective assessment of "essential service employees" in the event of a strike, arbitrated suspensions and an up-grading of temporary employees.

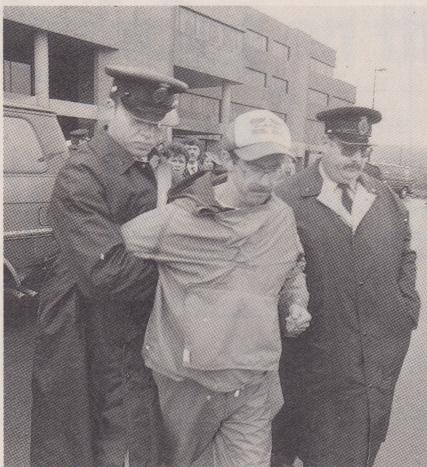
By May 9, Windsor, negotiating for the government, had nickled and dimed the April 6 agreement to such an extent that NAPE's negotiating team felt it their duty to leave the bargaining table in a well-publicized huff.

Negotiations continued fitfully over last summer, with neither side winning the high ground — or any ground at all.

For the four weeks in September, NAPE did everything it could, short of storming the Confederation Building, to

shut down government operations.

It held daily rallies and weekly media demonstrations. It staged sit-ins, cook-ups, singalongs and pointed theatricals. It designed T-shirts. More to the point, it made repeated threats of more telling actions, actions which, in fact, it showed few signs of being able to carry out.



PETER GARD

Strikers on the picket line were arrested

For a while the media went along with NAPE's daily antics, in the expectation that a story would emerge. But muscle-flexing does not, in itself, make for much of a news item. Following a scathing attack by Premier Peckford on Sept. 12, the media backed off, leaving NAPE to tell its own story.

Union bluster however, by this point, was doing a poor job of hiding public indifference. Two more weekend rallies failed to draw the expected numbers. The government mounted an effective campaign which stressed the April 6 agreement and NAPE's walkout from the negotiations.

NAPE, in contrast, failed to find an issue which grabbed the public's imagination the way wage parity and the arrests had done in the spring. NAPE's internal strategy was sound enough, and officially that's all that matters. Eighty per cent of NAPE's GS and MOS bargaining units joined the illegal walkout — and stayed out. But without strong public support, it would clearly be a long and cold winter.

It was time to beat the retreat. A strike, costing NAPE and its members \$2.5 million a week, was actually saving the government money. Last Sept. 24, four prominent provincial church leaders — in a theatrical gesture matching anything staged by NAPE or the government — went before the press and called for a return to work and negotiations.

The church leaders' proposal included a face-saving formula by which a committee of three would "monitor" future negotiations and inform the public of their progress. The committee was a strong enough presence for NAPE to claim it as an arbitrator, and shadowy enough for the government to view its presence as immaterial. "We take advice from anyone who gives us advice," said Neil Windsor, of the committee's function. "I don't consider someone stopping breaking the law a major concession."

March greeted the church leaders' initiative with visible relief. "If we were to turn down this proposal," he stated before the press, "we would be destroyed in the province. The public would turn on us like piranhas."

Precisely why March pulled his workers out in September has been the subject of much speculation. "The government, I think, decided to test us," he says of the move. "We had to do it to show that we could do it."

Yet even March admits that the union backed itself into a no-win situation, by calling a strike with no clear goals. "True, we could only win by receiving what we already had received," he says, "but what the government doesn't understand is that what they've done now is further radicalize two unions."

"There's no question in our minds that they (the bargaining units) are at their peak. If you send them back when they're strong, you'll be able to take them out again when you need them."

NAPE paid dearly, however, for the elusive goal of union solidarity. The fall walkout was twice as costly in lost wages and union funds as its spring counterpart and won, for the union, the tiniest of concessions: an end to the one-month suspension of 1,200 MOS workers, and a wage-opening clause in the fourth year of the contract.

The final contract remained unchanged, however, in the all-important matters of wages and hours. NAPE's GS and MOS bargaining units lost a month's wages but gained not a single percentage point more than Treasury Board's meagre August offer.

If NAPE's spring walkout is a textbook demonstration of the limits of a government's power to legislate labor laws which favor it as an employer, then NAPE's fall walkout must be taken as demonstrating a related point: the limitations of union action as a way of redirecting government policy.

It's one thing to demonstrate your opponent is a bully; it's quite another to complain he's a skinflint or cheated on a contract. One action suggests injustice, the other sour grapes.

This fall, NAPE learned the distinction the hard way. The union hoped to punish government for past restraints; instead it wound up, floundering and powerless, at the wrong end of a quarrel.

THE ATLANTIC CANADA INNOVATORS OF THE YEAR

*Around Atlantic Canada, countless people are involved in politics, business, entertainment, and other endeavors that are making an impact on their areas. The profiles that follow tell the stories of seven of these men and women, *Insight's* Innovators of the Year*

Congratulations to the seven outstanding Atlantic Canadians who have been selected as our Innovators of the Year! And special congratulations to Dr. Regis Duffy of Charlottetown, selected by our judges as the most outstanding Innovator of the Year.

In this special section of *Atlantic Insight*, we present profiles of all seven innovators. As a group these men and women have made outstanding contributions to Atlantic Canada through their imaginative new ideas and their ability to implement these ideas successfully.

The judges' final decision was not an easy one. Most of them had never heard of Regis Duffy or his achievements, and they were surprised and impressed to learn what he has accomplished from his base in Charlottetown.

As one judge put it, "I don't know the man at all, but when I read the article profiling him, Dr. Duffy seems to stand out in front of all the others. From an isolated spot he is serving the world."

Said another judge: "It's fascinating to see someone with such a diverse background move from the university world to the business world, start something up from scratch, and have such success. His example is really an excellent one for all of us."

Commented a third judge: "It's obvious to me that he is outstanding."

This new award has been established jointly by *Atlantic Insight*, the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council and Atlantic Canada Plus. All three organizations share a common desire to recognize and salute the achievements of Atlantic Canadians in all walks of life. We particularly want to celebrate the spirit of innovation in the region.

When this award was announced last August, we cited three criteria which

would be used to assess nominees for the award. They are:

- the originality of the nominee's ideas or activities
- a record of achievement in innovation, indicating the candidate's ability to implement his or her ideas and activities
- the past, present and anticipated future benefits to Atlantic Canada of the ideas and activities of the innovator — benefits defined to include economic, social and cultural.

From the nominees whose names were submitted by readers of *Atlantic Insight* and by the directors of APEC and Atlantic Canada Plus, the executive directors of the two organizations and the publisher of *Atlantic Insight* selected seven finalists. The finalists came from all four provinces. They are active in many different walks of life — businesses large and small, public affairs, education and the media. Two finalists were nominated jointly: Victor Young, president of Fishery Products International of St. John's and Gordon Cummings, president of National Sea Products of Halifax.

To make the final selection of the Innovator of the Year, the boards of APEC and Atlantic Canada Plus designated five individuals to serve as judges. The judges were (in alphabetical order): Jim Anderson, a lawyer based in Moncton and a director of Atlantic Canada Plus; Laura Bennet, senior vice-president of Corporate Communications Ltd. and president of Sight and Sound Productions Ltd. of Halifax; Dorothy Corrigan, former mayor of the City of Charlottetown; David Ganong, president of Ganong Brothers of St. Stephen, N.B.; James Lorimer, publisher of *Atlantic Insight*; and Ken Oakley, regional director of the Canadian Petroleum Association in St. John's.

REGIS DUFFY

Making a chemical impact around the world has come about following a career that has taken sharp turns from the priesthood to high-tech business

I

by Barbara MacAndrew
In 1970, Regis Duffy started a chemical company with two products in a downtown Charlottetown garage. Today his company, Diagnostic Chemicals Limited (DCL), exports those products — and many more — around the world.

"The fact that we've survived while others haven't is because we've been willing to adapt and learn, to adjust and improve our product as we went along," says Duffy.

It's a remarkably modest assessment of a true success story — the creation of a sophisticated, high-tech company that employs 30 chemists and technicians (and 12 science students in the summer), that assists doctors in the Far East as well as across North America in making diagnoses, and does it all from a gleaming factory in a Prince Edward Island industrial park.

Exported in diagnostic kits the size of chocolate boxes, DCL's chemicals make it easier to detect diabetes, heart attacks, strokes and a range of less familiar medical problems. One kit, recently developed, is 99 per cent accurate in detecting pregnancy ten days after conception. Duffy smiles, "The old faithful rabbit has been replaced."

The chemicals, one of which carries the exotic name, 6-Bromo-2-Naphthyl-8-D-Galactopyranoside, are presented in a glossy catalogue with descriptions, warranties and brilliant color photographs — presumably to show the chemicals in their best possible light. In the back of the catalogue is a list of distributors with addresses in Singapore, Taiwan, Hong Kong and Manila as well as Toronto, Vancouver, Quebec and the U.S.

Heading up a Canadian company with

international clients is not necessarily where Regis Duffy expected to find himself when he was growing up in rural Prince Edward Island. Indeed, his career has taken many sharp turns. The first-born child in a devout Roman Catholic family, Duffy spent his younger years being prepared for the priesthood. In 1953, he graduated from St. Dunstan's University (now University of Prince Edward Island) with a PhD in philosophy. He entered Holy Heart Seminary in Halifax and was ordained as a priest in 1962.

"I've always been fascinated by chemistry though," he says. "I found that college didn't have as much advanced chemistry as I wanted, so I majored in all the courses that could lead to a life in medicine. Yes, I also considered becoming a doctor."

But the interest in chemistry proved to be strongest and Duffy chose instead to return to his home-town university to teach chemistry and later to become dean of science.

And when he set up his experimental chemical-making operation in that Charlottetown garage, Duffy ran an ad in a New York newspaper looking for chemical research funds. A small New Jersey company responded. "It was a shot in the dark, but it was heard," he recalls. "They wanted a chemical and they wanted it immediately. This became our first product." It was an INT dye to be used in varied medical testing.

"We were so small, there in our backyard garage. But we suddenly saw a need. I guess we backed into this mushrooming manufacturing business. I think you could say we had 20-20 hindsight doing so. Fortunately, our products were

well-received from the beginning."

In those early years his assistants were his own undergraduate students. But there was also a mentor for both Duffy and his chemists in the person of Dr. Doug Hennessey, a diagnostic chemical pioneer and former Islander. Duffy first met Hennessey when he was studying chemistry at Fordham University in New York, where Hennessey, now 78, serves as DCL's vice-president of research and development and he's spent many summers working for the company.

"When we started making chemicals in our garage, we had nothing. Then, thankfully, the P.E.I. Industrial Enterprises Inc. helped by giving us that most difficult-to-find first major capital. That \$100,000 loan got us launched. We saw markets in the U.S. and we went for them," says Duffy.

To this day in fact, Duffy credits much of his success to good luck — being in the right place at the right time. "We just happened to be ready with the chemicals at the same time as the hospitals were changing their technology and were looking for a product like ours."

Interestingly enough, Duffy also feels that being in a relatively isolated place has worked to his advantage. "Our environment is great for this sort of work," he says. "This place seems to encourage innovation, creativity and we have an amazing supply of talent right here. Over 80 per cent of our chemists and technicians hail from P.E.I. We all appreciate living and working in this beautiful, unpolluted atmosphere."

And since leaving the priesthood, that "we all" now includes Duffy's wife, Joan, and three children: Earl, 11; Paul, nine; and Maureen, eight. He gives the impression, through his devotion to his work and his feelings about the importance of his company's vital products, that he has redirected his priestly calling in an appropriate way.

"What we're aiming for here," he says, "are better human survival statistics — quicker diagnostic methods. These methods are the heart of modern medicine."

That's why Duffy has three integrated divisions now in operation researching, developing and producing DCL's products. Two years ago, a five-person sales operation was set up in Monroe, Conn., to serve the U.S. market, which currently makes up more than 40 per cent of the company's sales. The diagnostic kits are shipped to Monroe and then distributed to U.S. hospitals.

In essence DCL is the only one of its kind — a Canadian corporation specializing in the clinical diagnostic industry, manufacturing specialty chemicals, enzymes and diagnostic reagents.

Don Baker, executive director of industrial development with the P.E.I. Development Agency, was deputy minister of industry during the period when Duffy's business was being established. He's convinced that DCL's success is directly related to quality.

"He really has a dedication to pro-



GORD JOHNSTON

viding a quality product," Baker says, "and because of that, he's got enormous credibility in the medical health care field."

Baker adds that Duffy has also been actively involved in helping develop small business in P.E.I. through volunteer work.

"He was president of the P.E.I. chapter of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association," says Baker, "and so often in demand as public speaker, or seminar leader, that people in the business community felt a little guilty sometimes that

perhaps he was doing more than his share."

In 1987, the company's slogan is: "Making the right moves into the next decade." The slogan that represents the attitude of the research and development team is: "Shaping tomorrow by knowing a little bit more today."

It seems then, that success has not spoiled Regis Duffy and Diagnostic Chemicals Limited. There are still challenges ahead and a future that looks as bright as the past. ☐

GORDON CUMMINGS

The management consultant from Upper Canada made a mid-life career change and directed the turnaround in NatSea's fortunes



MICHAEL CREAGEN

W

by Stephen Kimber

What in the world is Gordon Cummings, a Montreal-raised, Toronto-polished number cruncher who's still more comfortable talking cash flow than cod stocks, doing on the short list of *Atlantic Insight*'s innovator of the year contest?

The short answer is the difference between the whopping \$19 million that National Sea Products Ltd. — Atlantic Canada's largest fish company — lost in 1984 and the impressive \$10.1 million it made in 1985.

That dramatic transformation in the company's fortunes, which has been called "one of the most remarkable corporate turnarounds of 1985," was largely directed and stage-managed by none other than the same Gordon Cummings, the Bay Street management consultant who is now NatSea's high-profile, controversial president.

At first glance, Cummings seems a most unlikely candidate to become National Sea's managerial white knight.

For starters, his training — from a 1964 Bachelor of Commerce degree with an accounting major from Montreal's Sir George Williams University to a 1969 Masters of Business Administration degree with a marketing major from Hamilton's McMaster University — has had far more to do with finance than

with fish.

Before joining National Sea as executive vice-president in 1984 after a decade as a senior partner with the national management consulting firm of Woods Gordon, Cummings had spent almost his entire professional career shuffling between corporate consulting assignments in Montreal and Toronto. Up until the day he joined National Sea, in fact, Cummings had never even run a major business himself.

That's not to suggest he knew nothing about managing a business or about the fishery, however. Cummings not only built his professional reputation as a management consultant by helping breathe new life into failing companies but he also did a lot of that consulting work for the fishing industry.

That was how he ended up in National Sea's Halifax offices two years ago. He'd been asked by the giant fish company's new owners to make some suggestions about how to turn the floundering firm around.

During the 1970s, the industry had borrowed heavily to meet what it expected would be a dramatic increase in worldwide demand for seafood as a result of Canada's 1977 declaration of a 200-mile coastal fishing zone. Instead, the often cyclical industry was caught between the rock of plummeting fish prices

and the hard place of skyrocketing interest rates. By the early 1980s, the vital east coast fishing industry, which accounted for 44,000 jobs in the region, appeared headed for the rocks.

National Sea itself was only rescued from collapse at the eleventh hour when a group of private investors stepped in to buy the company to prevent it from being taken over by the federal government.

Gordon Cummings' advice to those investors was to make the traditional production-oriented fishing company more responsive to market forces while forcing its corporate management team — which had been buffeted by a bitter internal battle over corporate ownership as well as battered by the general problems of the industry — to start acting like a team again.

The new owners not only bought Cummings' prescription for the company but they wanted to buy Cummings himself as well.

"I must admit I never thought I'd be leaving Woods Gordon," Cummings would recall later, "but here was an industry I believed in and this was a unique challenge. I put those things together and, all of a sudden, I was thinking seriously about the idea. I thought, 'Why not?'"

Cummings barely settled into his new job before he started wielding the corporate axe, selling off 21 small processing plants, transferring or firing production employees and following through with major reorganization of the fish company's marketing division.

Perhaps most importantly from a symbolic point of view, Cummings pushed for, and finally won, permission from Ottawa to operate Canada's first ever factory freezer trawler to process and freeze fish at sea so NatSea could compete more effectively with the foreign fishing fleets that had been utilizing such floating fish factories for years.

Those measures helped NatSea finally start using black ink on its bottom line again and made Cummings into an east coast corporate folk hero. Halifax's *Daily News*, for example, refers to him as the "Iacocca of Nova Scotia."

But not everyone is quite that impressed. Some industry experts argue that Cummings is bringing heartless bottom-line rationalization to an industry that is as much an underpinning of a regional lifestyle as it is a business, and that NatSea's investors' success is being paid for by the region's labor intensive inshore fishing fleet.

Gilles Theriault, executive director of the Maritime Fishermen's Union, points out that the timing was right for Cummings. "I think there's a perception that if National Sea is doing well and making millions, this means that the Atlantic fishing industry is healthy. That just isn't so. Mr. Cummings has come along at a time when demand is high and that's worked to his advantage, but what's worked for National Sea has not worked for thousands of inshore fishermen whose livelihood is going down the drain."

Even some of those who praise Cummings' success-to-date say it's still too early to assess his real impact. Allan Billard, the executive director of the Eastern Fishermen's Federation, says Cummings "hit it just right when the industry is on a flow. Wait until the dollar is at par and there's a downturn in the price of fish or there's a change in the quota allocations. Then we'll have a better idea of how much of what we see is the result of what Cummings has done."

Peter John Nicholson, a senior vice-president of the Bank of Nova Scotia who was instrumental in hiring Cummings as a consultant for a federal task force on the east coast fishery in 1982, agrees. "I think Gordon Cummings has to go through a full cycle of the fishery before we can really judge his impact on the company."

Cummings himself wants to free NatSea from its total dependence on fish so it can avoid being trapped by the ups and downs of the volatile industry. He's also less impressed than most by NatSea's current profitability. He's the first to concede, for example, that almost one-third of the company's \$10-million 1985 profit resulted from selling off unprofitable fish plants and a Halifax-based insurance company that didn't fit in with the company's long-range plans. "I would not hold out \$17 million in profit on \$450 million in sales as a big bag of money," he says. "It's only a one-and-one-half-cent return. We want to make ten cents on every sales dollar."

To do that, Cummings plans to complete NatSea's transformation from one of Canada's largest fishing companies to one of the world's largest fully integrated and diversified food companies.

That's not to suggest National Sea will ever get out of the fish business. Indeed, the company, which recently bought two well-known U.S.-based fish retail labels and is spending another \$40 million to upgrade its own equipment, hopes to cash in on the health-conscious North American consumer's increasing interest in seafood by offering more value-added frozen fish products as well as experimenting with ways to market fresh fish directly to U.S. supermarket buyers.

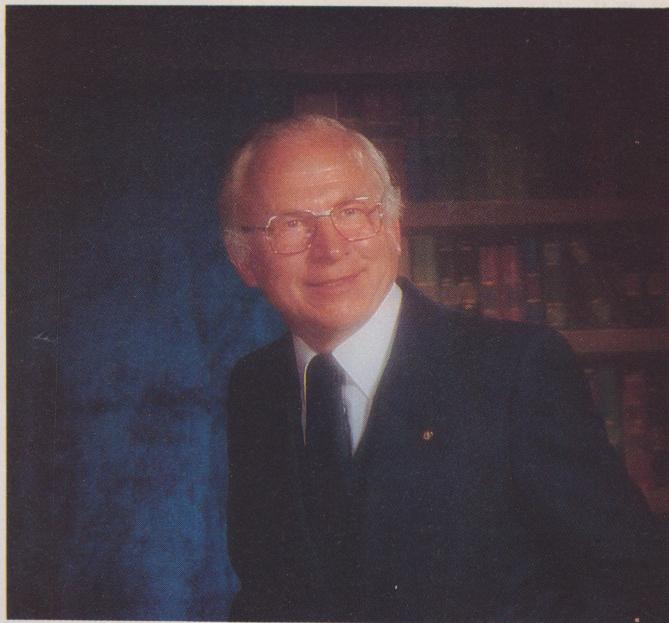
But at the same time, National Sea is now also using its famous Captain Highliner character to sell a new line of frozen processed chicken products.

"We've really only just begun," he says.

So has Gordon Cummings. "I must admit that this job has been everything I'd hoped it would be," he says of his mid-life career switch. From the depths of 1984, when people "would pat you on the head if you told them you worked for National Sea," the company has re-emerged as a force to be reckoned with. "We're confident now. Confidence generates success and success generates confidence. My biggest job now is just to keep the momentum going, to continue to breed success and a winning attitude. That's what it's all about."

It was an extraordinary achievement to introduce and bring together such a variety of programs and actually make them work

DR. GLENDENNING



D

by Marcia Porter
Dr. Donald Glendenning, the president of P.E.I.'s Holland College, has been called a risk-taker. "That intrigues me," he says. "I've never thought of myself that way."

But as far back as 1947, when his post-secondary education began, he was taking an interest in technical and vocational training long before it became popular to do so. "In those days," he says, "when an industrial arts instructor went to a teachers' gathering, he went in through the back door and was as unobtrusive as possible."

These days, Glendenning enters teachers' gatherings by the front door, and freely promotes a learning approach to education which has yet to be duplicated anywhere in Canada. He's been president of the college since it opened in 1969 with the specific intent of offering students an alternative to university. There were 100 students in 1969; today there are 6,000 in ten centres across the Island.

The curriculum is wide and varied and embraces three general categories: post-secondary courses, vocational training and continuing education. The subjects range from computer science, business administration and retailing to culinary arts, environmental technology and urban and rural planning. There are courses in carpentry, bricklaying, motor vehicle and body repair and cosmetology. Continuing education for adults offers credit courses in preparation for further study, English as a second language, career exploration for women and job readiness training as well as visual arts programs.

"In a sense, we were given a blank piece of paper to work with," he says of the early days. The board of directors at that time was made up of ten members representing industry, government and education.

One of the first things they did was get rid of the school bells. The notion that

learning starts and stops at a certain time is not promoted. What is promoted is the concept that students should take responsibility for their own learning. Thus, says Glendenning, students are put in the driver's seat. The instructors are considered to be vessels of information. Their job is to deliver the information in the most learnable way. Students are tested individually only when they feel ready to master a particular skill.

"We didn't set out to be an innovative college and we didn't set out to copy anyone," Glendenning says. Today he views himself as "the keeper of the vision," and says it's the instructors who are the real unsung heroes.

Glendenning's philosophy of education, one geared to the self-starter, has won him both praise and criticism. Some people jokingly refer to Holland College as "Holiday College" — a place where students put in time but learn little. Glendenning hears this type of criticism without flinching.

"Sometimes we're more demanding than more traditional schools," he says. "There's no cramming here, for example. Our education is truly performance-based and there's no way to cheat."

He admits, however, that occasionally it appears that the students are not making progress in the traditional sense. "But I think if it takes three months for a student to realize that nothing happens until he or she makes it happen, it's still worth it. I really do believe that."

He takes a democratic view of all the choices his students make as well. "I think a good hairdresser or carpenter is as important as a good electronics technician."

Former students express mixed opinions about their Holland College experience. Susan Foley of Charlottetown values the time she spent there. "I think learning to learn on your own gives you a feeling of self-confidence," she says.

"People who refer to it as Holiday College have a point though because it can be a holiday if you let it. But it's up to the students to develop a sense of responsibility," Foley says it's mostly "university kids" who criticize the college.

One of those "university kids" is Mike Molyneux who took the two-year computer analyst program at Holland College after having completed a BA at the University of Prince Edward Island. His course paid off and he now works full time with Outline Support, a Charlottetown-based computer company. Still, he speaks of the two years he spent at the college with little respect.

"It was a big joke," he says. He thinks the school carried the concept of learning on your own too far. "It seems to be a hit-or-miss program," he says. "There was no structure. If you wanted any direction, you were in trouble."

Despite hearing such negative opinions of his school, Glendenning says that when he leaves his post on April 1, he'll leave feeling satisfied with his accomplishments. His departure is for no single reason but simply reflects a desire to seek a new challenge.

And during his last year at Holland College, Glendenning received national recognition when he was named an Officer of the Order of Canada. Dr. Ron Baker, president emeritus of U.P.E.I. believes it is the first time the honor has been awarded to the presi-

dent of a community college. It confirms Baker's feeling that "community colleges have not been recognized for what they are."

The reputation of Holland College, synonymous with the name of Dr. Donald Glendenning, has spread beyond the Atlantic region and is recognized across Canada and the U.S. Dr. Stuart L. Smith president of the Science Council of Canada, says, "Under Dr. Glendenning's leadership, Holland College is one of the most innovative and useful models in Canada." This is echoed by Robert Norton of the National Centre for Research in Vocational Education at Ohio State University, who says, "On the international level Dr. Glendenning and Holland College are undoubtedly the best known of any post-secondary president and college in Canada. They would also be among the five best known throughout all of North America."

If he were beginning his education today, Dr. Glendenning might be a beneficiary of his own philosophy. Forty years ago, he found it necessary to travel to the United States for much of his post-secondary training. "Canadian universities gave technical and vocational training low priority," he says.

In Prince Edward Island, at least, the boy who grew up on a farm in Little Branch, N.B., has been partly responsible for a dramatic change in the image of this type of education.

Johnson's known on the show — revels in being, in the eyes of more conservative onlookers, weird. On the tube he rides buffalo, talks to stuffed animals, wears a bathing-suit in winter and hosts races between cans of soup in the name of science.

In real life, he's equally unusual, including his approach to raising his three children, ages three, five and eight. "I let them do whatever they want, as long as they're not hurting anybody," he says. "Lots of people disagree with that. But I think kids are just adults, only smaller."

Johnson, who's in his late 30s, acts so zany on TV that viewers often forget he's more than two decades older than his target audience — eight to 14-year-olds. "Adults may think I'm foolish," he admits with a grin. But many adults without children also tune in to the 9 a.m. show.

Stan the Man may indeed be a misnomer for this entertainer with the charm of a child and the face, some have said, of a hound dog. Known as the *enfant merveilleux* of regional TV, Johnson says he's never grown up. Luckily, he doesn't adhere to society's view of adult behavior. The more outrageous he gets, the better people like him.

At a time when most TV programs are slickly produced and packaged, *Switchback* stands out as casual and spontaneous. Johnson makes up jokes as the show proceeds, gives out games, books and albums as prizes for goofy contests and opens letters from viewers on the air. Between the live segments *Switchback* plays tapes of the old American TV comedy series *Get Smart*, as well as rock videos and pre-taped interviews with kids in school, on the street and at special events.

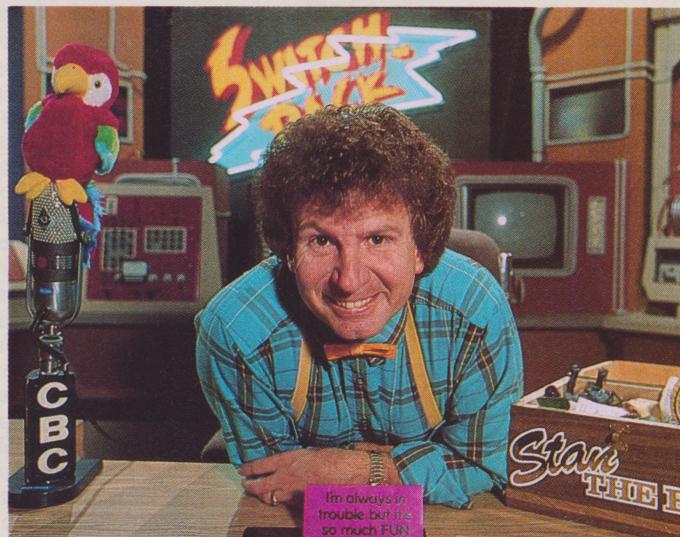
"All I want to do is entertain," says Johnson. "If people learn something too, that's even better." But his main goal is just to have fun with the show.

Johnson, who's long been noted for his off-the-wall personality, has fulfilled his boyhood dream; he always wanted to be on radio or television. A native of Hamilton, Ont., Johnson won a scholarship to study education after graduating from high school, but he used the money to buy a car. "I hope they never find me," he says. After six months in university, he went into broadcasting, working in Oakville, Hamilton, and Winnipeg before moving to Halifax.

On *Switchback*, he's achieved what's probably the closest regional TV can bring a performer to stardom. His distinctive face — with his long nose, sad eyes and craggy features — is ubiquitous. It turns up on the front page of the Saturday color funnies with a safety-related message; it's used on most CBC promotional material and it's associated with various charity campaigns. One of Johnson's lower-profile roles, he says, is as leader of his six-year-old son's Beaver group, a junior version of Cubs or Boy Scouts where the kids are too young to make a big deal about having Stan the Man as their leader. With so much popularity, Johnson's often

STAN JOHNSON

Being goofy comes naturally and it's made him a favorite Sunday morning pastime for kids and parents who've seen enough cartoons



MICHAEL CREAGEN

Stan Johnson — better known as Stan the Man — found his perfect niche in life six years ago, when CBC Halifax announced plans to produce a regional TV show for children. At the time Johnson was a news reporter worried that his preference for "fun" stories was preventing him from being taken seriously as a journalist. When he heard that *Switchback* needed a host he applied in unusual fashion — in a bold red crayon on a sheet of CBC letterhead he simply scrawled, "I want that job." The rest, as

they say, is history. And it's also a major success story in Atlantic Canadian broadcasting.

Switchback has earned a reputation for lively, spontaneous entertainment, often attributed to Johnson's outrageous sense of humor and off-the-cuff style as host. Shown throughout the region including Labrador, and also in the eastern Northwest Territories, its ratings have topped 250,000 viewers — beating the American cartoons in its Sunday morning time slot.

All the while, Stan the Man — as

mobbed when he's around kids, and occasionally by adults too.

It can be a little wearing at times, he admits with honesty. "Sometimes I'm feeling grouchy and don't want to talk to anybody. But if I show that to one person, pretty soon a hundred people are talking about what a grouch Stan Johnson is."

And neither *Switchback* nor Johnson himself escape criticism. Some parents worry that at times the rock videos shown on the program are — at least, implicitly — violent or sexually exploitive. And Johnson admits that parents have accused him of being rude to their kids because he is sometimes abrupt during shopping mall promotions and other live appearances.

On the whole, however, he describes his life as "a fun life." He works four days a week and when he's off, he says, "I get to spend time doing things like playing with my kids, watching TV and reading books. Stuff most people don't have enough time to do."

But for Stan Johnson even day-to-day routines can border on the bizarre. A friend recalls the day one of Johnson's sons decided to dress up in scuba gear to go shopping at a local mall. While the boy — no doubt inspired by his flamboyant father — strode past curious shoppers as though nothing was wrong, Johnson trailed behind discreetly. It shows that even Stan the Man likes to give up the limelight some of the time and blend into the crowd. But then — that's only some of the time. ☐

MUMS

Educating the public and the politicians through political action works and Halifax now recognizes and acknowledges its housing crisis



MICHAEL CREAGEN

Tracy White, Heather Schneider, Darlene Dacey, Jackie Turcotte

Members of the MUMS, Mothers United for Metro Shelter, laugh when they recall the day they marched into Nova Scotia's Province House and began measuring the windows for new curtains under the watchful eye of security personnel. They had come with an eviction notice in hand for the MLAs because, they say, it was time for those in power to understand the desperate housing situation for low-income people. "It had to be done," says MUMS co-founder Heather Schneider of Dartmouth. "We had to put them in the situation we were in."

Where do the MUMS get the nerve? "The MLAs work for us," says an indignant Jackie Turcotte. "Where do they get the nerve?"

It's this spirit and confidence that has made the MUMS one of the most high-profile lobby groups in Atlantic Canada's recent history. They began in 1984 in Bryony House, a Halifax transition house for battered women. Faced with high rents and a vacancy rate of less than one per cent in Halifax-Dartmouth, as well as many landlords' prejudice against single parents and welfare recipients, these women discovered that they couldn't find decent housing. "I was full of anger and said 'why don't we start a group?'" says Schneider. Since then the MUMS have used their innovative techniques to draw local and national attention to the urban housing crisis. In fact, use of the word crisis is what

the MUMS would call their main accomplishment. "Two years ago housing wasn't even accepted as a problem, and now it's a crisis," says Turcotte.

From marches to participation in housing conferences to setting up tents along a busy city street, the MUMS have mounted a wide campaign to publicize their cause and put pressure on municipal, provincial and federal politicians.

They say their strength lies in the fact that they speak from experience. "We've lived through it. We know what we're talking about," says Darlene Dacey. And talk about it they do. The group members are articulate and bold. "We were middle-income, middle-class, educated people," explains Tracy White. "We're not afraid of society."

They currently have ten to 15 active members who show up for bi-monthly meetings. Many others are supportive but because of transportation or child care difficulties they can't always attend. The group can't help its members financially because not only are they living on low incomes, but the group has very little funding. The federal department of the secretary of state has given them a grant for workshops on "surviving on social assistance" that the MUMS plan to hold for various groups in the Halifax-Dartmouth area. The New Democratic Party allows them to photocopy for free at its office. But the MUMS are not affiliated with any political party. "We can't

afford to be," says Schneider. "We'll take support wherever we can get it."

At their meetings, members throw around ideas and then move on them quickly. "We're action oriented," says Turcotte. "Some groups come up with ideas but spend their time dissecting them. We can organize a march, a rally, a demo in a couple of weeks."

At the MUMS' first demonstration in 1984 many women had to be disguised because they were still living in the shelter for battered women and didn't want their husbands to recognize them. Their children attend all demonstrations banging on pots and pans — but not just to make noise. "In the old days people used pots and pans in the rural areas to get couples to stop fighting," says Schneider. "They wanted to shame people out of physical abuse. We give our children pots and pans because of that — we want to shame our government."

The MUMS have been involved in three "tent cities." The first was put up during rush-hour near the entrance to the Angus L. MacDonald Bridge, that spans the harbor between Halifax and Dartmouth. "Homeless Estates," their promotional material declared. "Accommodations are affordable, they offer a waterfront view and are centrally located. You get extra features like heat and lights free in the summer and air conditioning in the winter." At the most recent tent city this past September, the MUMS stayed out overnight to indicate that the crisis had not eased. With a somewhat higher vacancy rate than before, there are more choices now for those who can afford \$650 and up in rent. But the MUMS point out that things have not improved for lower income families.

Last March they put together a collection of case studies describing housing conditions in the area. "The idea was in our heads for a long time," explains Schneider. "We had a story to tell. Everyone has suffered, but in different ways."

In 1985 the City of Halifax offered the MUMS units in a housing development which is yet to be built. "They were just trying to quiet us down," says Schneider. "They wanted to get us off-track of our goals." The city's plan was for two six-unit apartment buildings. But the MUMS want a government commitment to build 1,000 public housing units. They're also concerned with tenants' rights, such as landlords being able to evict tenants without just cause and not allowing children in their buildings.

They encounter opposition not just from government but from residents as well. In September they held a demonstration in Dartmouth to deal with what they call the "ignorance, bigotry and fear" of local residents who opposed proposals for non-profit housing units in their neighborhoods. Says Schneider: "We had to show them we're decent human beings. It's not that they want to put us down. They don't want to face us because they would have to do something and they

don't know what to do."

According to Jane Brackley, who has worked on housing issues and is a member of the Nova Scotia Association of Social Workers, the MUMS are "making a real contribution to looking at housing as a women's issue."

"Overall we've accomplished a lot," says Schneider. "More people are aware of the housing problems. They didn't know people were poor and hungry." The MUMS even take credit for the removal of Michael Laffin from his position as Nova Scotia's housing minister. "We had

a hand in that," says Turcotte. "Laffin was ridiculed by the press." Adds Schneider: "We showed he wasn't doing his job." While housing minister, Laffin had refused to acknowledge that a housing crisis existed.

The MUMS see no shortage of hard work ahead and in two years, they say, they would like to have an office and a paid staff. The MUMS want to become a permanent part of the lives of low-income women. Says Jackie Turcotte: "A place for them to come and spill their guts; to provide them with hope." □

ELsie WAYNE

Having a reputation as a colorful and flamboyant leader ensures headlines but friends and critics alike admit she has substance too



JAMES WILSON

by Michael Prini

She hops on tour buses during her lunch hour to greet visitors to the city. She has put the phrase, "the greatest little city in the East," on the lips of people from Vancouver to St. John's. She is Elsie Wayne, mayor of the city of Saint John, N.B.

Elsie Wayne came to office in May 1983, beating the incumbent mayor Robert Lockhart by a two to one margin. "I didn't set out on a path for mayor," says Wayne, "but Bob Lockhart reoffered, and there was no one in the city willing to take him on." That's the kind of direct talk one can expect from this 54-year-old dynamo who, when first elected to the city's Common Council in 1977, polled fourth in the city and did so with election expenses of only \$683.

Sitting in her office on the eighth floor of city hall, Wayne cherishes views of the port in one direction and the revitalized city centre in the other. Born in Shédiac, but having lived in Saint John since she was two years old, Wayne finds it difficult to reflect on the days when she was Elsie Fairweather. Now, with a city of 125,000 in her hands, it's much easier for her to connect with her recent past. She entered civic politics with a zeal for treating taxpayers fairly, while maintaining a responsible rein on city budgets. Over the six years as councillor, Wayne fought to bring back to reality a city she felt was out of control.

However, her style at times was a bit on the side of brash. In her first term as councillor, there was some infighting during a contract dispute with the city's transit commission, of which Wayne had been a member. She didn't like the fact that the city had embroiled itself in contract negotiations and felt the mayor and council were giving in. In a much-publicized incident, she averted a vote and brought the meeting to an end by dumping a bottle of pop on veteran councillor Albert Vincent's head. It was a brassy move, but in the end Wayne was supported by the city solicitor when others wanted her expelled from council proceedings.

The mayor attributes much of her spunk to being just the way she is, but a lot of it comes from her family, whom she takes very seriously. Her husband Richard and her two sons have given her great encouragement. Some of her high spirit is simply the result of talking up the city to anyone who will listen, in New York, Calgary or Winnipeg. Promotion involves almost 80 per cent of her time.

In return for the gruelling schedule, Saint John has become one of the few cities in the country to have an actual increase in the number of convention delegates this year and it hopes to pass the 80,000 mark by Dec. 31.

On the other hand, Wayne glares when faced with an increase in the number of federal workers being transferred to Halifax. "I don't expect our citizens to

have to pull up stakes and move to Halifax to get work," she says.

As mayor, Wayne's relationship with local unions has traditionally been lamentable. The city faced strikes by the police and inside and outside workers in the summer of 1985. Negotiations put her at loggerheads much too often with Bob Davidson, the local head of the Canadian Union of Public Employees. "Bobby Davidson is struggling with his life right now," says Wayne. "You see, if we get along with our unions then we don't need Bobby Davidson. And he would love to think we don't get along." Al Levine, president of the Saint John District Labour Council, is quick to dispel the thought that unions and management will ever be on the same side while Wayne is at the helm. "There's very much a polarization at city hall," says Levine. So far everyone the labor group has nominated to sit on various city boards and commissions has been turned down, something Levine can't remember ever happening during his 16 years with the council. He elaborates on what labor thinks of her inconsistencies. "She's playing the general public bandwagon, saying whatever the public wants to hear." The same view is echoed by David Somerville, head of the inside workers union, that took part in a strike just hours before the Canada Summer Games were to open in August 1985. "We called off the strike three times knowing a settlement was within reach," says Somerville. He also cites Wayne's reluctance to consult with councillors on the issue. "It resulted in a needless strike, and I put the blame on her."

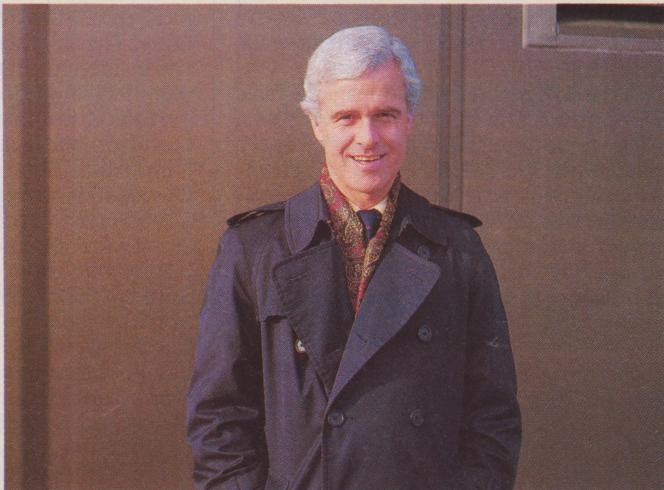
On the positive side is the recent announcement of local port status for the city of Saint John. A board of directors is soon to be appointed by Saint John MP Gerald Merrithew, minister of state for forestry and mines. Now the city will be able to compete with Halifax and other eastern ports.

Donald Hackett, president of the Saint John Board of Trade, is encouraged by the move that gives autonomy to the port, as well as the support that business has gained during Wayne's administration. "She is very aware of the importance of business to the city."

Elsie Wayne gives no indication she's ready to give up the fight, whether it be in council chambers, in Ottawa or Fredericton. She isn't afraid to call a news conference to bash policies of a higher level of government. She eschews a city car and drives herself to work. "They call me the mad woman of the road. When I leave the house I wanna be where I'm at." Wayne continues to promote Saint John, saying, "The people in the city have so bloody much to be proud of." And she steadfastly clings to her desire to make things work her way. "Some people say you get more with honey than you do with vinegar. Well, I don't play that game either. You just tell them the way it is and if it's honey, fine, they take it. And if it's vinegar, they're gonna get it." □

VIC YOUNG

He brought a refreshing change to the Newfoundland fishery and is determined to make FPI the most successful seafood processing company in the world



PETER GARD

After a shaky start three years ago, Fishery Products International of St. John's, Nfld., has gone from bankruptcy to a projected profit for 1986 of \$40 million. At the company's helm is a 41-year-old corporate executive who is fast gaining a reputation as a trouble-shooter. Vic Young says his secret to success lies in carefully choosing a solid management team — one that doesn't depend on him for advice about the day-to-day running of the company. A modest and self-assured man, Young has turned around a company with a debt load that was once six times greater than its equity. While this feat was accomplished with an injection of \$280 million in public funds, Young is determined that investment will be returned. After spending two years as FPI's chairman, president and chief executive officer, he feels the company is ready to compete in the commercial marketplace as a private enterprise.

It took government a full year to convince Young to relinquish the reins as chairman of Newfoundland and Labrador Hydro and take on the task of steering FPI in the direction of profits. A man who enjoys adversity, Young had spent six years helping the Newfoundland government battle Quebec over the Upper Churchill power contract. Calling the contract "unconscionable," Young was part of an effort to help Newfoundland get a better deal on the sale of Labrador's hydroelectric power to Quebec. After a lengthy court battle, Newfoundland's claim to water rights in the Upper Churchill reservoir was overturned by a Supreme Court decision. Still loyal to this cause, Young wants to see the power contract renegotiated, but he finally agreed to join Fishery Products International when the crisis the company was facing posed an even greater challenge.

In 1983, *Navigating Troubled Waters*, the report of the federal government's Kirby task force, recommended the restructuring of private sector fish processing operations in Newfoundland. At the time, eight private companies were

either in receivership or on the verge of bankruptcy. Declining fish prices and decreasing catches had left the companies on shaky financial ground, jeopardizing the jobs of thousands of plant workers and trawlermen. Vic Young describes the restructuring plan as an effort which "formed one giant bankrupt company from eight smaller ones." To help it on its way, FPI, the new company, was given \$150 million as an investment from the major shareholders — the federal and provincial governments. But the company's attempt to keep plants open and raise its profit margin was thwarted when a strike of trawlermen halted production from July 1984 to February 1985, a bitter seven-month dispute that cost untold millions in lost revenue.

Young's predecessor, Gus Etchegary had adopted a conservative approach to the labor dispute, not directly involving himself in the union/management negotiations. Young's style was very different, a fact which raised some eyebrows when he closeted himself in a hotel room with Richard Cashin, president of the Newfoundland Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers' Union, representing the 900 strikers. "I felt we had to let the union know that we intended to be completely up front and honest in all our dealings with them," says Young, who acknowledges that at the time, a lot of mistrust existed between the union and the company. Young made good his promise to lay all the cards on the table by letting the union know of the company's plan to re-examine its trawler fleet and retire some vessels.

"The fishermen's union had always had difficult industrial relations with Fishery Products and the managers who ran the private companies that were amalgamated under the new FPI," says union president, Richard Cashin. "It was always an us-versus-them relationship with very little trust on either side. Since Vic Young came on the scene union/management relations have improved tremendously. It was a refreshing change to see openness and straightfor-

ward dialogue. After the trawlermen's strike, Young promised to keep the union informed of the company's plans and he has kept that promise."

Despite the company's much-improved employee relations, the balance sheets continued to look bleak. After its first full year of operation — 1984 — FPI's ledgers showed a \$35-million deficit. National Sea Products lost \$10 million that same year, and Young maintains the industry was suffering from high interest rates on debt payments and poor fish markets. But when the company suffered another \$20-million shortfall in 1985 critics began to speculate that the restructuring plan had failed. While the trawlermen's strike had shut down production in 30 plants during the two best months of the '85 fishing season (January and February), the company was also hurting from payment of interest on its debts — to the tune of \$12 to \$15 million annually. Realizing some loans would have to be paid off if the company was to survive, Young started to look for new money — a difficult task in the face of public criticism about government hand-outs to the industry.

"We needed a solid operating plan," says the company chairman, "one that could prove we could stand on our own feet and contribute to our future." Young set about developing a five-year business plan, a project involving strategy and analysis, one aspect of his work this manager enjoys very much. Having decided the company was too large to manage effectively, Young chose to sell off 15 fish plants. "No one believed we could find new owners for these operations, but we did. To date we've sold all but one of them." The five-year plan also addressed the need to improve port facilities and conduct renovations at some plants. Recognizing the need to upgrade the operation, Young also made plans to purchase new stern trawlers and refurbish others. But before these plans could be executed, FPI needed to retire more than \$100 million in costly loans. His pitch to the federal and provincial governments for the needed equity included the promise that FPI would turn a small profit in 1986. To the surprise of many, the company was granted the \$105 million it requested. And to Vic Young's surprise, the company is expected to reap a \$40-million profit by the end of '86, substantially greater than predicted.

Determined to turn FPI into "the most successful seafood processing company in the world," Young hopes to continue his work under a new owner. Having surrounded himself with a solid management team, the chairman views his role as one of policy-making and long-term planning. "My idea of a good chief executive officer is one who can pass this test. He should go in to work, close his office door and lie down on the carpet and wait to see how long it takes before someone notices he's there. The longer it takes for someone to find him, the better his management team is."

SPECIAL REPORT



PHOTOS BY HUB PHOTOGRAPHY

Summer of discontent, autumn of decision . . . Hub City says goodbye to the CN Shops in winter

by Sue Calhoun

Four o'clock on a wintry afternoon. The low wail of a siren brings dozens of workers streaming from Canadian National's main repair shops on Barker Street in Moncton, N.B. Lunch buckets in hand, some grasp today's copy of the local newspaper, scanning headlines for the latest news; others sprint to escape the wet snow which has just begun to fall. The sudden storm has cast a grey pall over the 20-acre industrial complex, just as events of the past year and a half have spread gloom among the people who work there. But the uncertainty — about the future of the main shops, as well as the future of individual workers — is about to come to an end. No one is smiling today.

Rumors had been circulating for more than a year that CN was going to phase out the Moncton shops. So the announcement, when it was finally made last June by CN president Ron Lawless at a press conference in Moncton, didn't come as a surprise. Lawless told reporters that it was no longer possible to keep Moncton's main repair shops operating at their present capacity. There simply wasn't enough work.

Of the 1,022 employees, only 132 would be retained in the main shops. One

hundred and fifty would be transferred to CN's Gordon Humpyard (a facility which does minor repairs on rolling stock), 437 would be laid off, transferred or given early retirement and, under the original proposal, 303 would be hired by Canadian General Electric of Toronto when it took over part of the shops from CN to manufacture railway locomotives, though a deal had not been signed.

Lawless insisted that it wasn't a closure. The main shops were being "reindustrialized." But for CN workers who had crowded into the back of the conference room at Hotel Beausejour, the message was clear. At least 437

The announcement that should have clarified CN's plans brought confusion and turmoil

jobs would disappear. CN's main repair shops, the cornerstone of CN activity in Moncton for over a century, a place where not only they but their fathers and probably grandfathers had worked, were about to become a thing of the past.

But the announcement that was supposed to clarify CN's plans for Moncton only created more confusion and more turmoil. It was a summer of discontent, as angry workers walked off the job, demonstrated, threw hard hats at Prime Minister Brian Mulroney and demanded

SPECIAL REPORT



Moncton MP Dennis Cochrane addresses CN workers in June of '86

that his Tories overturn CN's plan. Hardly a day went by that the shops issue didn't make the headlines.

Fall was a time of decision. CN finally reached an agreement with CGE, but it depended on the seven unions in the main shops agreeing to allow CN to contract out work. CGE was going to manufacture diesel locomotives, but until it reached full capacity, the company said, it needed to do some of CN's repair work to make the operation viable. In effect, CN wanted the workers to agree to a deal that would see many of them doing the same work, but under a new employer with undetermined wages and working conditions.

It was gun-to-the-head negotiations; the alternative was that the main shops would close completely. But in the end, the unions scuttled the deal. The national membership of two of them wouldn't agree to allow CN to waive no-contracting-out clauses already in collective agreements.

Now on this dreary November day, it's almost certain that the main shops will close. Without the right to do contract work for CN, CGE will go elsewhere. Even if CGE changes its mind, it's clear that the main shops, as such, will be no more. Moncton is facing the end of an era, a reality that's torn the city of 55,000 apart like nothing else in recent history. Many see Moncton as the scapegoat for CN problems nationally, and the issue as a textbook example of the Tory trend to privatization in a region without political clout.

On the surface, it looks simply like more layoffs in a region already plagued by layoffs. But for people in Moncton, the phasing out of the main repair shops is much more than that. More than any other place in the Atlantic region,

Moncton is a CN town. Its history, its economic life, indeed its *raison d'être* has revolved around the railway. There's hardly a family in Moncton that isn't connected, directly or indirectly, with CN in some way.

In the Maritimes and on the Gaspé coast, CN's total workforce was 6,190, according to CN statistics given at the June press conference. Of those, 4,760 were in New Brunswick and 3,499 were in the Greater Moncton area. CN's Moncton presence includes the Atlantic Region Headquarters, taking in the Chief Dispatcher's office for the region and the Regional Operations Control Centre; an intermodal terminal; CN's Hotel Beausejour; and the Gordon Humpyard, which does minor repairs to rolling stock, and is capable of handling 3,500 cars daily.

But the cornerstone of the whole operation is CN's main repair shops. That's where all major repairs and overhaul to locomotives and freight cars in the region take place. It's one of three CN repair shops in the country. The others are at Transcona in Winnipeg and Point-St.-Charles in Montreal. The Moncton main shops complex includes a motive power shop, car shop, paint shop, rail engineering shop, brass foundry and other associated activities.

A study carried out by the New Brunswick Job Protection Unit in 1985 pointed out that CN operations were the largest single source of employment in Greater Moncton, employing nine per cent of the workforce and having an annual payroll in excess of \$109 million. The main shops, the report said, had an annual payroll of \$32 million. "This level of activity ranks the shops not only as the largest segment of the CN Rail presence in Moncton, but also as one of the largest

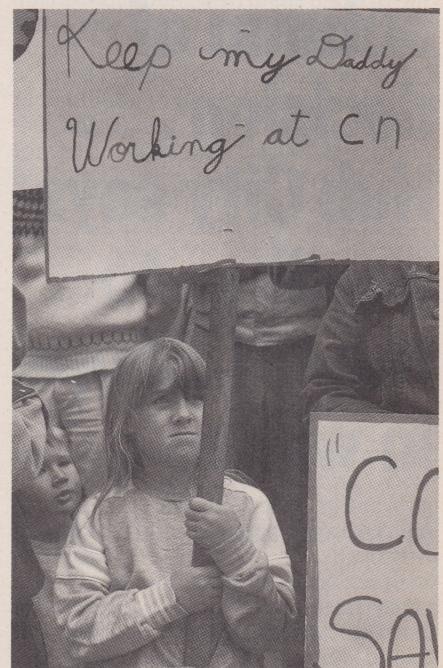
industrial plants in New Brunswick," the report said.

Jobs at the main shops are skilled jobs. They pay around \$27,900 per year compared to the average income for the Moncton area of \$17,300. The jobs are unionized with security clauses that virtually guarantee a job for life. "There's no doubt that we've had the Cadillac of wage agreements in Canada," says machinist Jim Belliveau, a third-generation CN employee with 25 years seniority.

So the phasing out of these jobs comes dear, not only for the individuals and families involved, but for the city's economy as a whole. "Not only would we lose 1,000 railway jobs for the present workforce, but we'd lose the potential for people coming out of school. If those shops go, there'll be little work here of a permanent nature," says Web Vance, the retired Atlantic region vice-president for the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway, Transport and General Workers who worked for CN, and later the union, for 45 years.

Even if they're not laid off, few of the workers will be unaffected. Gerald Lorette, 43, is a carman. His seniority dates back to 1973. The CGE operation would have taken only ten carmen, so Lorette assumes there would have been no hope for him there. He'll probably be transferred to the Gordon Humpyard where he'll bump a carman with less seniority. (Senior men tend to work at the main shops where the work is nine-to-five, rather than the Gordon Humpyard which is a 24-hour-a-day operation.) For Lorette, it means a return to shiftwork. "It changes your whole life. You don't see your family at all," he says.

Greg Lewis, 35, of Riverview has a



Echoing the feelings of Monctonians

father and several uncles and cousins who work for CN in Moncton. With 13 years seniority as an electrician, Lewis says, he's borderline. He could be laid off, he could keep his job with CN if he's willing to move, or he could have gone to work for CGE. Not knowing has made him frustrated and angry. "I've invested 13 years of my life in this company, and I'm tired of being strung along," he says.

Alexander MacEachern, 29, is a former Cape Bretoner who began working for CN on summer train gangs in 1979, and was hired at the main shops as an electrician's helper in 1983. "When I got my foot in the door, I thought, 'This is it. Lifetime employment!'" Now, with a wife expecting a child in April, MacEachern is waiting for the axe to fall. There are no jobs as electricians' helpers at the Gordon Yard. The only other place in the region is Sydney, where the men all have more seniority than he. "There's nowhere to go, really. It's out on the road for me," he says.

CN's main repair shops have been in Moncton ever since the Inter-Colonial Railway was built in 1872. The ICR was a promise of Confederation, a railway that would link the Maritimes to the rest of Canada. It was formed out of a merger between the European and North American Railway, which operated a line from Shédiac to Saint John, and the Nova Scotia Railways. The ICR repair shops were located in Moncton because of the city's central location. (The E&NA had repair shops in Shédiac, but they burnt to the ground shortly after the merger took place.)

The ICR repair shops were originally located in the Highfield Square area. They too, burnt to the ground in 1906, and were rebuilt on Barker Street. Historian Charles Allain, director of the Moncton Museum, says that the main shops were always a stabilizer for the Moncton area. "Industries could come and go, but we always had that main employer. The effects of the Depression, for example, would have been much worse if we hadn't had those 700 or 800 jobs at the main shops," he says.

Allain believes that the presence of the main shops begat other industries, especially after Prime Minister John A. MacDonald introduced a high tariff policy on imported goods in the late 1880s in an attempt to force Canada to industrialize. Moncton saw the birth of three major industries — a brass works, sugar refinery and cotton mill — in the space of five years. Newspaper articles of the day described the city in glowing terms as "destined to be in the industrial centre of the Maritimes." Moncton's role as a railway centre was always emphasized, Allain says. By the turn of the century, Moncton was known as the Hub City.

It's a nickname the city still bears. But today, it relates more to history than real-



The summer of discontent: angry worker demands help from Premier Richard Hatfield

ity. At the June press conference, CN officials stressed that as rail traffic has declined in the past few decades, so too have gone the fortunes of Moncton. In 1950, CN operated ten major maintenance and repair facilities across the country to service 2,700 locomotives, 120,000 freight cars and 4,000 passenger cars. Today, the company operates three major repair facilities to service 1,800 locomotives and 68,000 freight cars. By 1990, the company will be operating 1,750 locomotives and 42,000 freight cars.

Doug Fletcher, CN's vice-president of operations, says there's less need now for repairs. Turn-round time for freight cars has come down from 17 to 12 days. Older types of cars are being retired and replaced by new freight cars which require less maintenance. VIA Rail is now doing its own repair work rather than contracting it to CN as it did in the past.

Affecting the Moncton shops in particular was the decision of CN, after the Mississauga derailment in 1979, to equip freight cars with roller bearings as opposed to brass journals which are manufactured in Moncton. As well, the Moncton shops specialize in the repair and maintenance of Bombardier-built locomotives, made by the Montreal-based firm which has now closed its doors.

Fletcher says not only has the need for repairs decreased, but also the workload has shifted westward. In 1950, CN's workload ratio between eastern and western Canada was 65 to 35. Today, 70 per cent of traffic, and thus of repairs, is west of Thunder Bay.

The sum total of all that, says CN president Ron Lawless, was that CN could no longer justify having three repair shops in Canada. From its historical role as a nation-builder, as an instrument of economic and social development, CN was becoming a corporation that had to

pay for itself. It's a process that began when the former Liberal government forgave CN's debt load of \$808 million in 1978, for the third time since 1937, but then ordered the corporation, in future, to borrow its funds on the open market.

The pressure towards becoming self-sufficient has become greater under the Mulroney Tories. CN's debt load is already back up to \$3.5 billion. Faced with increased competition from the highways and de-regulation in the U.S., Lawless says, the corporation needs to streamline its operation, including cutting 14,000 jobs by the year 1990.

For the Moncton shops, Lawless says, it's either a slow death, or a major "re-industrialization" program. That's why CN had gone looking for a buyer, and thought they had found one in CGE.

Sept. 3. It's a brilliant fall day even though the breeze is unusually biting for the time of year. A boisterous crowd of almost 2,000 overflows Assumption Plaza in front of Moncton city hall after marching from the main shops, several kilometres away, carrying coffins and ringing cowbells in a last ditch attempt to convince transport minister John Crosbie to reverse CN's decision.

Crosbie is in town for a two-day conference of Atlantic cabinet ministers called Atlantic Focus to exchange ideas about regional underdevelopment with local business groups. The conference is supposed to demonstrate that Mulroney Tories are sincere about helping Atlantic Canada, but Crosbie steals the headlines when he chides Atlantic Canadians for always complaining, and suggests that if they compared their situation to that of people in Sri Lanka or Bangladesh, they wouldn't feel so bad. The comment has angered local people, and many of the placards play on the theme, saying the 150 Tamils dropped off the coast of New-

SPECIAL REPORT

foundland got more help from the government than 1,022 shop workers in Moncton.

Crosbie has already told reporters that CN has to stand on its own two feet, that the Crown corporation "was not created to overcome the problems of regional disparity." So the subdued, uncomfortable minister winds his way through the boozing crowd to the podium, but he has little to offer. He'll decide within a week whether to overturn CN's decision, he says, and he'll get back to them. Few of the marchers are buoyed by Crosbie's response, but they present him with a yellow hard hat as a souvenir of Moncton. "I'll need that, I suppose, to get out of here this afternoon," Crosbie mumbles.

"There's no doubt it's a political decision. The people making it aren't concerned about this part of the country," says Web Vance. He maintains that it's not the first time CN has wanted to close the main shops. "They tried it a few years ago but Romeo LeBlanc (then New Brunswick's member in the federal cabinet) scuttled the plan. We don't have a heavyweight here any more. Moncton MP Dennis Cochrane did his best but he came up short. He's only a backbencher," Vance says.

Cochrane, who's played a major role in the issue, insists that CN has simply made a business decision based on excess capacity, though even he admits there is a political reality to it. "I don't doubt that if we had 30 MPs from Moncton it would make a difference," he says.

A submission to the Atlantic Focus conference by the 800-member Conseil Economique de Nouveau-Brunswick, which represents francophone businesses, pointed out that cutting 400 jobs in Moncton was equivalent to eliminating 10,000 jobs in Montreal or Toronto. "The federal government wouldn't dare to cut that many jobs in central Canada. But here we can't seem to get listened to," said Conseil president Rino Volpé.

The cynicism is compounded by the fact that CN is basing its decision on an international study to which the unions have not had access, and that neither transport minister John Crosbie nor former transport minister Don Mazankowski have apparently read (though Crosbie says he was briefed on it). No one, other than CN, knows what the report says. But union reps are sure of some things:

- The unions insist that the Moncton shops have always been the most productive of the three repair shops, with the lowest rate of absenteeism. A CN official denies that the corporation compares productivity among the three shops, though

she says the work ethic in Moncton has always been "very good, and the turnover rate isn't as high as at the other shops."

- In the December 1985 issue of *RailLines* (an internal CN newsletter), then Atlantic region vice-president Ron Messenger said CN's Atlantic region is financially viable. "During the past four years we have come from an operating loss on the region of about \$36 million annually to a point of profitability this year... our prospects for 1986 are positive." Asked about the quality of the workforce in Moncton, including at the main shops, Messenger said: "These employees have a work ethic that is second to none in Canada. They are well-educated, highly skilled and extremely dedicated... CN does not want to abandon such a precious resource." Messenger has since been transferred to Montreal.

- The main shops are in good shape. They underwent a major investment several years ago when they were re-tooled for Bombardier. A joint union brief points out that in 1979, \$4 million was invested in the rail shop to modernize it. In 1980, \$2.5 million was invested in the paint shop, in 1983, the foundry received \$1 million in modernization funds. "The rail shops have been extensively modernized

over the past few years and are consequently competitive in both quality and price for switches and related products produced outside CNR," Richard Hatfield wrote in a letter of support to the Save Our Shops committee.

While most people acknowledge that CN has problems nationwide, and that rail traffic has declined, many question why it's Moncton that has to suffer as a result. "Why should this shop be made to pay the debt for a national problem? We have the most productive and most stable workforce in the system, and we're being singled out," says Gordon Callendar, Atlantic region general chairman of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, the largest union at the shops.

"To be fair to CN, there's not as much work in Atlantic Canada as there once was. But there is enough work to keep the shops going if CN wanted to assign that work to the Moncton shops," says Web Vance.

Others maintain that past decisions in favor of central Canada have contributed to the decline of work in Moncton. IBEW rep Murray McClenaghan says a major reason for declining traffic projections in Moncton was the construction of new VIA Rail locomotive repair facilities in Toronto and Montreal. Indeed, when layoffs at the Moncton shops were announced in September 1985, Mayor George Rideout pointed out that at the

same time that CN was talking about excess capacity, and conducting an internal study to re-evaluate its operations, "The federal government is building multi-million dollar repair facilities at other points (Toronto and Montreal). There is no reason or logic to this."

Gordon Callendar believes it's part of a master plan. "CN is trying to get rid of as many appendages as it can until it gets to the point where it's a lean, profitable machine. Then it will be sold off. In my opinion, it's all part of the current trend towards privatization."

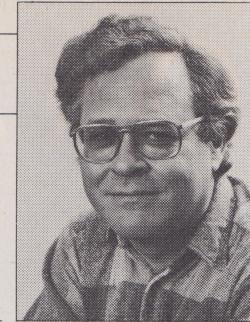
Contracting out was the key issue. In the end, it was the issue that killed the deal. CGE (whose parent company builds diesel locomotives in Erie, Pa.) insisted it needed to do CN repair work to make the operation viable. CN would also have benefited; it could have closed the main shops and still have needed repair work on its Bombardier fleet done by CGE. Moncton is the only one of the three shops in Canada toolled for Bombardier. It was an issue on which neither CGE nor CN would budge.

But for the unions, it had taken years to win no-contracting-out clauses in collective agreements. It wasn't a right they were about to give up lightly. In the end, five of the unions, representing 80 per cent of the workers, gave in. "Do you send someone to hit you over the head with a hammer to know it's going to hurt? Five of the unions said 'no,'" said IBEW rep Murray McClenaghan. But McClenaghan and his fellow unionists were harshly critical of the other two unions, the United Association of Journeymen and Apprentices of the Plumbing and Pipefitting Industry, and especially the machinists, saying that the union was "wrapped up in ideology to the point where Moncton will be a sacrificial lamb."

But machinist rep Gordon Callendar sees it differently. "We took a democratic vote on a national level and the membership said 'no.' How can the leadership overturn that?" he asks. Callendar maintains that, under its agreement with CGE, CN will guarantee 303 jobs for five years, "but they won't guarantee our jobs at the Gordon yard for five minutes." In the end, he says, it comes down to a question of trust. "Our people are very scared that this thing (CN's right to contract out) will be used as an excuse to do likewise at other places across the country, despite CN's assurances to the contrary."

Now, as *Atlantic Insight* goes to press, the unions are being blamed by the media and the public in general, for scuttling the CGE deal. CN, as usual, has the upper hand. Whether something happens to change CGE's mind — whether CGE in the end comes to Moncton and saves 303 of the jobs — there's no question that Moncton's main repair shops, as they've existed for over a century, will be gone. The only question now is when.

It's a dirty business but someone's gotta do it



If there's one thing country life teaches a city boy it's to hate not all of God's creatures but a fair number of them. Chipmunks, for example. When my wife and I first started to visit our cottage on Chedabucto Bay we thought chipmunks were adorable wee beasties. They were as cute as a bug in a rug. (A bug in a rug is not cute, it's disgusting, but it took us a while to figure this out.) Chipmunks were admirable. They were pretty, industrious, brave and far too quick on their feet for our killer cat from Halifax. Their chattering and scrambling in the fir trees reminded us we were truly in the singing wilderness where life was clean and nature's great rhythms were apparent.

It wasn't until we took over the old Bruce farmhouse, a little way inland, that we finally saw chipmunks for the repulsive little demons they really are. The house is 140 years old. For 20 winters, it had stood empty, and no one had done much to maintain it in the summers, either. The chipmunks now believed our house was their city, and they travelled through it on unseen lanes, streets and expressways. They had several secret entrances. We heard the creatures in the bedroom ceilings by night, and inside the walls of the front hall by day.

We saw them scuttling through cracks in the concrete foundation of the enclosed porch off the kitchen, and we knew they regarded the porch as some kind of trade route to colonies behind the second-floor walls. More than once, we found a brutish representative of the chipmunk clan brazenly sunning himself on a windowsill inside the porch. He didn't even run. My Bruce forebears had occupied our place for 14 decades, but this small, brown, muscular thug scolded me furiously as though I, not he, were the intruder.

Our ownership of the house (though not its condition), was the realization of an old dream. We now knew it would be the last house we'd ever own, the house in which we'd live out the rest of our lives. We feared for its health.

One hideous possibility was that armies of chipmunks would chew holes in the walls, and then invade our rooms with tooth and claw, ripping apart mattresses, pillows and sofas, befouling the place with their poop, gnawing beloved books, smashing dishes and glassware and doing whatever else enraged chipmunks do to the homes of ponderous humans who've dared to get in their way.

We built a sun-deck at the rear of the house. It faced both the bay in the distant south, and a nearby apple tree that

was so rotten, hairy, unkempt and voluminous that I figured my great-grandfather, Charles Joseph Bruce, had planted it around the time Nova Scotia mourned joining the new Dominion of Canada. We sat out on our fine new sun-deck, sipped freshly brewed coffee and tried to appreciate the gorgeous, timeless view, which my father, Charles Tory Bruce, had celebrated in poetry and prose thirty and forty years before. But the chipmunks were using that venerable tree as a base camp for their forays into our house.

While some distracted us by scurrying among the limbs and screaming insults, others leapt from the upper branches to our roof, and still others hustled through the grass from the tree

Our counter-offensive against the chipmunks was massive and it was not pretty

to the holes in the porch foundation. Pretty soon, there was no sound but the wind sifting through scaly, grey branches. We were outside. Had all the chipmunks gone inside? What were they doing in there? Would they find some way to turn the keys and lock us out? We took our coffee back inside.

Near the apple tree stood a lilac bush. Since no one had trimmed it for at least a generation (a human generation, not a chipmunk generation), it was really a sort of lilac jungle with a dozen main stems, a couple of them six inches across. Over decades, various Bruces and neighbors who'd cut the grass had tossed into the little lilac forest all the rocks they'd found on the lawn. Those rocks were my munitions in the war against chipmunks.

One day I found myself bellowing at the chipmunks and insanely hurling these rocks at them as they scampered in the tree. The missiles bounced off branches, shot right through without hitting anything and tore off twigs, leaves and stunted apples. But they neither brained nor bruised a single chipmunk. My enemies dodged the rocks with contemptuous

ease, and all the while kept up a stream of what sounded to me like taunting derisive laughter.

After a while, my shoulder hurt. I went inside to talk to my wife about pellet guns and small rifles. She warned me I was playing into the enemy's hands or, rather, paws. As tactfully as she could, she explained that the chipmunks undoubtedly knew that my buying a gun of any sort would endanger me, and especially my feet, more than them. She didn't think a crossbow or small-game slingshot was such a hot idea, either.

My wife, incidentally, now loathed chipmunks, too. She'd once been a tender-hearted worshipper of all wildlife — and also a woman who, when she hit her thumb with a hammer, said nothing stronger than, "Oh, sugar!" Now, however, the sight or sound of any chipmunk inside our house inspired her to spout words that might have brought a blush to the cheeks of an enforcer for the Teamsters union.

Our counter-offensive against the chipmunks was massive rather than precise, and it was not pretty. But war, after all, is hell. First, I bought a chainsaw. With that, and a handsaw, branch-snippers, ladder, yellow rope and my wife, I managed to dismantle the historic apple tree without ending up in the Guysborough hospital or the graveyard at Boylston United Church.

I did not, I confess, fell the apple tree with just one blow. With hundreds of chops, swipes, slices, cuts and hacks, I sort of pruned it to death.

With the base camp destroyed, the Bruce forces descended to the use of booby traps. We set out plastic plates, and filled them with yellow rat poison. To make the dishes more tempting we sprinkled them with minced apple, and accompanied them with shallow bowls of water. We spread these deadly meals in the attic, upstairs crawl spaces, back porch, basement and outside in the grass next to the chipmunk gateways to our house. As the hordes succumbed, we sealed the entrances with wood and cement, and for months now the house has been ours rather than *theirs*.

Poisoning chipmunks, I know, is nothing to brag about. You probably feel it's proof of a vicious attitude towards innocent wildlife. I therefore won't tell you how I feel about our woodchucks, bats, wasps, biting spiders, carpenter ants, blackflies, cluster flies, and wood lice. I have plans for them all, but you wouldn't want to know.

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JOHN DAVIS

Mysterious illness connected to kitty's litter

When several guests at Louis Perry's 65th birthday party fell ill with the same symptoms, it took the local vet to make the diagnosis

by Debbie Horne

On Sept. 6, 1986, Louis Perry, his family and close friends celebrated his 65th birthday at his home in the small coastal community of Pleasant View, in western P.E.I. Just two weeks later 16 of the party guests were seeking treatment for symptoms that ranged from high fever and nausea to severe headache and pneumonia. Nine people were hospitalized and Perry and his wife recall being too ill to be concerned about the fact that they were under strict quarantine at the Western Hospital in Alberton.

In almost every case chest X-Rays

revealed signs of atypical pneumonia. It wasn't until local physician, Dr. Coleman Morrissey, discovered that a cat had given birth to a litter of kittens in the Perry home on the day of the party, that pieces of the puzzle started to fit.

Although there are few documented cases in P.E.I., Morrissey felt the history of the illness and the unusual circumstances fit closely with the description of Q-Fever.

Until recently, Q-Fever has been regarded as an obscure disease, found mostly in large agricultural areas like Australia. This notion is beginning to fade

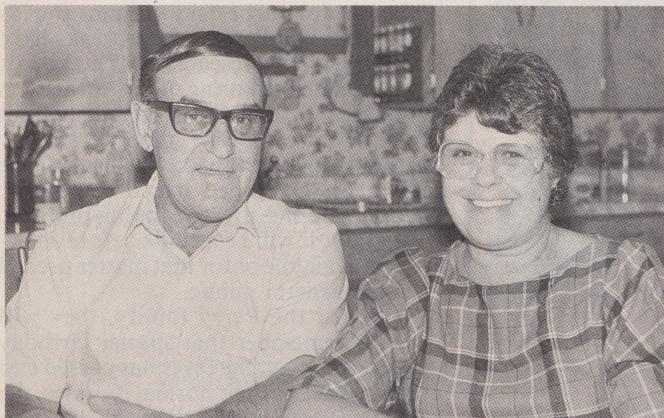
in medical circles, as researchers find more evidence of its existence in North America.

Q-Fever is passed on to humans through contact with domestic animals such as sheep, goats and cattle infected with a rickettsia known as *Coxiella burnetti*. In the Perry case, the birth products (the placenta) of the family cat car-

ried the causative agent. Just by breathing the air in a room contaminated with the virus was enough to induce illness, which can vary from severe pneumonia to a milder form of sickness that is often excused as a case of the flu. Surprisingly, there are no visible signs to indicate when an animal has Q-Fever, although it can be detected through blood serum tests in the lab. Animals pass it on to other animals and it is sometimes carried by ticks. In humans it's not contagious.

Dr. Danny Dalton of the West Prince Veterinary Clinic in O'Leary performed an autopsy on the female cat in question. He forwarded the reproductive organs to the Dalhousie University research lab in Halifax, where Dr. Thomas Marrie has been specializing in research on Q-Fever pneumonia. He is particularly interested in the illness as it relates to cats and a case control study will reveal his observations later this year.

Marrie confirmed the diagnosis that 16 Islanders were indeed suffering from exposure to *Coxiella burnetti*. An article published in a 1985 edition of *Medical Grand Rounds* by Marrie suggested that Q-Fever should be considered in patients following exposure to cattle, sheep, goats, wild rabbits and the products of feline conception. "It is highly likely that many of us are missing the diagnosis of Q-Fever in patients who have atypical pneumonia syndrome," writes Dr. Robert Rubin of Massachusetts General



DEBBIE HORNE

Louis and Rita Perry: a six-month recovery period

MEDICINE

Hospital, in the same issue.

In blood donor tests in Nova Scotia, 11 per cent showed antibodies to *Coxiella burnetti*, while the figure is an astounding 13 per cent in P.E.I. "Many of these people may have suffered a mild case of the disease without knowing it," Marrie observes. The large outbreak on the Island last fall, was obviously a situation where the right conditions were coupled with the wrong timing — just when a party was being held.

"I'm glad there weren't fifty people here," says a weary Rita Perry a month after her bout with Q-Fever. It was a name she had never heard before it was

diagnosed and she wonders how long she will be suffering from its effects. While Rita Perry was feeling tired and depressed much of the time, Louis Perry still felt a tightness in his chest. Morrissey estimated a six-month recovery period before the symptoms would disappear, although in extreme cases, permanent damage can result. Morrissey will be following their cases for some time to come.

Q-Fever (or query fever) was named by Dr. E.H. Derrick, director of the laboratory section of the Queensland health department, Australia. In 1937 he had been investigating an illness that affected 20 of 800 employees of a large

Brisbane meat works. That same year researchers F. M. Burnet and M. Freeman identified the causative agent as rickettsia and Derrick named it *Rickettsia burnetti*, after his colleague.

Meanwhile in Montana, U.S.A., a rickettsia was isolated in ticks taken from a local creek. The similarities between the two findings were eventually realized and the organism was renamed *Coxiella burnetti*.

In the winter of 1944 and the spring of 1945, Q-Fever was discovered among United States Army troops stationed in the Mediterranean. Two years later, the first outbreak was reported in the U.S. among stock handlers and slaughterhouse workers in Texas. Shortly after, cases were reported in California but the first outbreak of Q-Fever in Canada was documented in 1956 when it spread among 62 slaughterhouse workers in Princeville, Que. Only nine cases were reported in the following 20 years.

It wasn't until 1979 when researchers began to study atypical pneumonia in Nova Scotia, that evidence of *Coxiella burnetti* was found there as well. In the 1985 article in *Medical Grand Rounds*, information from 27 cases was documented. This has contributed to a better understanding of the treatment, symptoms and causes of the disease in this part of the world.

It has been found, for example, that 20 per cent of the cases in Nova Scotia were exposed to the products of feline conception. Among 216 cats tested, 24 per cent had antibodies to the virus, proving its widespread existence in the province.

Also, pneumonia was the primary symptom among the Nova Scotia patients, while in areas like Australia, pneumonia is not associated with the illness. Differences in strains of this rickettsia seem to cause varying degrees of illness and different symptoms.

Age is a factor, and children who have been exposed to Q-Fever show only mild symptoms while adults often develop pneumonia. At the Perry household, none of the grandchildren showed signs of Q-Fever, even though they were at the party with adults who were later hospitalized.

The study of Q-Fever in research laboratories can be risky business and it's not taken lightly. Large outbreaks have occurred among research staff in the past but regular monitoring of the researchers and research animals has helped to limit these instances. Special guidelines are now carefully followed. In Australia a vaccine has been developed which has so far proven safe and effective for this purpose. However, it will be a while before a vaccine is available or for that matter needed for the general public.

As for the Perry family, they will always remember that special birthday party. Now that the fever has passed and they're back to their normal routines, the Perrys look, from a distance, at their feline friends with new respect.

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QUALIFIES FOR RRSP



Government-funded newspapers: violating press independence?

The long struggle to get a French-language daily has divided New Brunswick's Acadians. Now there are two French newspapers and growing controversy

by Sue Calhoun

It's a relatively rare event in Canada these days when a daily newspaper rolls off the presses for the first time. But in the past two and a half years, New Brunswick's francophone community has seen the birth of not one, but two French-language dailies to serve them. *L'Acadie Nouvelle* began publication in the north of the province in June 1984, and last summer, the long-awaited Moncton-based *Le Matin* finally hit the newsstands.

Now, almost six months later, Acadians can reach for a French-language newspaper when they reach for their morning coffee. It's the first time in history that Acadians everywhere in the province can read the same news on the same day in their own language, something they see as indispensable to the survival of their culture. But the fight to get a French-language daily was a long bitter battle that divided Acadians north and south, and raised questions about the role of the provincial government, in particular, in backing *Le Matin*. And while Acadians are happy to finally have a provincial daily, some of those questions linger today.

David Cadogan, first vice-president of the Canadian Community Newspapers

Association and publisher of four weeklies on the Miramichi, believes government has no business investing in a newspaper. He calls it "an extreme violation of the independence of the press." Most Acadians disagree; they say a French-language daily in New Brunswick would not be viable without government financing. But many feel the provincial government — and especially former government reform minister Jean-Maurice Simard, who is now a senator — were too involved in the issue. They worried when Simard went on a one-man campaign around the region to garner support for the paper, and they worried about continued government involvement in *Le Matin*, apparent or not.

Rumblings went through the Acadian community last fall when Rino Morin, special assistant to Simard and speech writer for Premier Richard Hatfield for five years, was hired as editorial coordinator. Morin came directly from a job as special assistant to management board chairman Yvon Poitras. "I would have thought *Le Matin* would have been more sensitive to not hiring someone so closely aligned with the government of the day," says University of Moncton political scientist Philippe Doucet.

Indeed, the tale of the two dailies has been a political saga from the beginning, September 1982. After almost a century, *L'Evangéline*, the only French-language daily in New Brunswick, folds in the middle of a provincial election campaign. To this day, no one knows exactly why its board of directors, controlled by l'Assomption Compagnie Mutuelle and les Caisses Populaires, decided to close it down. But a campaigning Richard Hatfield jumps in to say that, if elected, his government will put up money to get another paper going.

That sets off a scramble by a group in Moncton, headed by then University of Moncton president Gilbert Finn, and a group in Caraquet, headed by Alphée Michaud, to come up with proposals. Finn is a member of the so-called Acadian establishment, an influential small "c" Tory who has been closely involved with Acadian institutions like l'Assomption and U of M for many years. Michaud is a doctor from Caraquet, a young maverick who plays on the anti-establishment sentiments of people on the Acadian peninsula to rally a lot of support. Michaud is eventually ousted by his own board of directors, and today, even Nelson Landry, editor of *L'Acadie Nouvelle* admits the government had no choice but to go along with the *Le Matin* proposal because *L'Acadie Nouvelle's* proposal was "written by a bunch of amateurs."

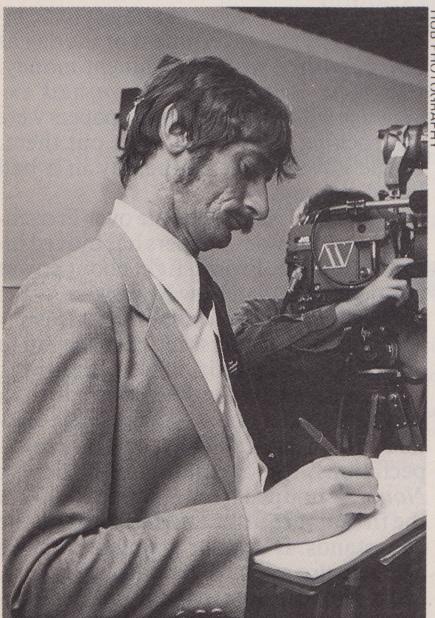
In October 1983, Hatfield announced a \$4-million trust fund for *Le Matin*. The interest from the fund would be used to subsidize transportation so *Le Matin* could provide same-day service to Edmundston, a five-hour drive from Moncton in the province's northwest, something *L'Evangeline* had never managed to do. But between the time of the announcement, and when the interest was first turned over to *Le Matin* one year later, the unexpected happened.

L'Acadie Nouvelle began publishing. Financed through the purchase of shares by hundreds of supporters, it was only a regional daily that would serve the northeast. But it had grand plans to eventually become a provincial daily, and it wanted the trust fund for *Le Matin* frozen. "All we were saying to the government is, 'Give us a chance to prove we can do it,'" says editor Nelson Landry.

But the provincial government wouldn't, and to make matters worse, then Secretary of State Benoit Bouchard, added another \$2 million to the trust fund in February 1986. To all appearances, supposedly free-enterprise Tories were throwing in with a publicly supported venture which most people believed would mean the death of a private enterprise, *L'Acadie Nouvelle*. No one was saying it out loud, but the problem with *L'Acadie Nouvelle* was that its board of directors was dominated by known Liberals.

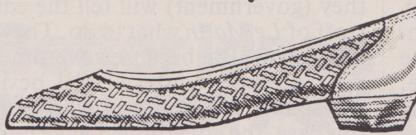
If it had been otherwise, the provincial government might have put its money on *L'Acadie Nouvelle*, since it was already on the newsstands. But politics being politics in New Brunswick, nothing is ever as simple as it seems. And the fight over a newspaper wasn't just a fight between the Acadian establishment and a "new wave" of Acadian leadership from the north. It was also a battle of partisan politics.

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MEDIA

base, most Acadians believe that a province-wide French-language daily is not financially feasible without government help. That view has been reinforced by a study done for *L'Acadie Nouvelle*, a study done by the provincial government, and several carried out by the department of the secretary of state. Roger Savoie, director-general of the Official Languages Program (the federal program under which *Le Matin* was funded), says his department has provided financial assistance over the years to a large number of weeklies and monthlies throughout the country, including a recent allocation of \$15 million over the

next five years to TV Ontario to allow it to start a French-language channel.

But the principle doesn't sit well with David Cadogan. "Not so much because they (government) will tell the editorial staff of *Le Matin* what to do. They probably won't. But because government has no right to decide who'll be in the newspaper business and who won't. In this case, the government gave money to a paper that had raised very little capital on its own, and a byproduct of that is to make life very difficult for a paper that was financed by hundreds of supporters," Cadogan says. (His company now prints *L'Acadie Nouvelle*.)

Cadogan also believes that by supporting the *Le Matin* group, "the government appointed a group of Moncton establishment people to be the centre of Acadian information, culture and influence." Few Acadians would probably disagree with that assessment. Melvin Gallant, a literature professor at U of M and a well-known Acadian writer, admits Acadians always felt a certain ambivalence towards Gilbert Finn's group: the old gang which had shut *L'Evangeline* down was, nevertheless, the only group with enough power and influence with the Conservative government to get another paper going.

Today, however, Gallant believes that the way the trust fund is structured, with strict conditions about how the interest can be spent, ensures the newspaper's independence. "Even if the government changes, *Le Matin* will still be there," Gallant says. Charles D'Amour, *Le Matin*'s brusque publisher, agrees. "The government has no rights on the trust fund, much less on the corporation. That's clear for everyone. But it doesn't stop those who want to believe otherwise," he says. (D'Amour resigned his position as publisher of *Le Matin* in mid-November because of ill health.)

For those who believe otherwise, the impression isn't helped by the hiring of Rino Morin, but D'Amour is unrepentant. "His services at the government level are more of an asset. He knows the people, the way it operates. That's a plus," D'Amour insists. Others, like political science professor Philippe Doucet, are more cautious, though he adds that perhaps the stock of talented Acadian journalists on which the paper could draw was not large. "In a perfect world, I would have preferred to see someone else hired," he says.

But it's not a perfect world, and Doucet maintains that the so-called private papers are just as subject to be influenced by the government of the day as one published with government money. "In New Brunswick, we've had experience with that. The Irving papers were not rocking the boat when it put them, or the government of the day in a bad light," he says.

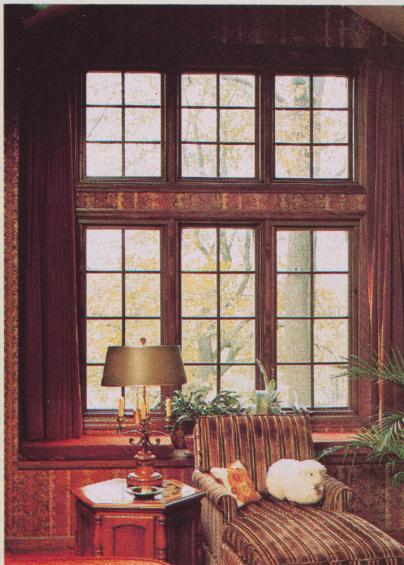
Now, in 1987, the battle over French-language daily newspapers has moved into a new phase. From a fight about power politics in Acadian New Brunswick — the old Moncton-based establishment versus a young, new leadership from the north — and partisan politics in New Brunswick — a Conservative-backed paper versus a Liberal-backed one — it's become a battle of numbers. Ironically, contrary to expectations, the circulation of *L'Acadie Nouvelle* jumped from 6,800 to 10,000 in the first month after *Le Matin* was on the newsstands. D'Amour maintains that *Le Matin* is also selling almost 10,000 papers. Most people believe that only one will survive, and the marketplace is where the next fight will be played out.



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Fragrant memories

Bread, oatcakes and muffins from recipes tried and true promise to be the best you've ever made when the main ingredients are the natural flours and grains ground in Maritime mills

Nothing can compare with the aroma and flavor of bread made from freshly ground white flour," says Bernice Leard from the village of Coleman on the west side of Prince Edward Island. She knows from first-hand experience because her husband Warren runs the last small flour mill on the Island.

Warren Leard has been a miller for most of his 61 years and took over the mill from his father and uncle about 20 years ago. Leard's Mill has operated each of the 101 years since it was built in 1886. On a good day Leard mills up to a hundred bushels of wheat for local farmers and several growers from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

"It is a totally natural process, without the addition of bleaches or chemicals," says Warren, as he grinds the wheat into bran, middlings (coarsely ground wheat mixed with bran) and white flour.

At the Nova Scotia Museum's Balmoral Grist Mill near Tatamagouche, Christene MacDonald welcomes visitors. Her husband, the late Archie MacDonald, was the last miller to operate the mill commercially and Christene shares her memories, recipes, cooking tips and even her freshly baked oatcakes with those who drop by the picturesque museum. Christene's are not your typical coarse Scottish oatcakes. Made with Balmoral's extra fine oatmeal, they have a touch of refined sweetness that urges you to buy a bag of meal and try duplicating them yourself.

"You can adapt any good white bread recipe to whole wheat bread," says Christene. "Just substitute two cups of whole wheat flour for two cups of the white flour, and use brown sugar instead of white sugar. The whole wheat flour that we mill here is the real thing; it has body and everything that's good for you."

In New Brunswick, the Loyalist settlers of the 19th century found that buckwheat flourished. Today, at Kings Landing, a living and working restored

village near Fredericton, is a reconstructed replica of a buckwheat grist mill, modelled after a mill built in 1815 by John Jefferies of Sussex Corners, N.B.

Buckwheat flour was a staple of the early settlers. The dark flour with its nutty flavor was often combined with buttermilk and used to make pancakes, hot cakes and muffins.

Contrary to common belief, natural flours (those without additives and bleaches), have the same shelf life as commercially ground flours, with the exception of whole wheat flour. Whole wheat flour with wheat germ should be used within eight to 12 weeks; without wheat germ the flour can be treated as other flours. To keep all flours fresh, they should be stored in a cool dry place.

The rounded, fragrant loaves fresh from the oven need not be a memory of the past. There is satisfaction in baking bread and the more you bake, the better your results will be.

The following recipes have been prepared with flours ground in Maritime flour mills.

Christene MacDonald's Oatcakes

1/2 cup shortening
1 1/2 tbsp. butter
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup evaporated milk
1 cup unbleached flour
3/4 tsp. baking soda
1/2 tsp. salt
2 1/2 to 3 cups fine oatmeal

In a large bowl, cream the shortening and butter. Slowly add the brown sugar and continue to beat well. Stir in the milk.

In a separate bowl, sift together the flour, baking soda and salt. Stir into the shortening mixture. Add the oatmeal, mixing well. Roll the batter on a floured board to 1/4 inch thickness. Cut in desired shapes and bake on a greased cookie sheet at 400°F, 8 to 10 minutes, or until golden brown.

Christene MacDonald places a pan of water on the lower shelf of her oven while baking to keep the oatcakes moist. Serve

these traditional Scottish oatcakes warm with butter. Yields 24.

Molasses Whole Wheat Bread

2 cups very warm water
3/4 cup lukewarm water
2 tbsp. dry yeast
1 tsp. sugar
1 cup molasses
2 tbsp. vegetable oil
2 tsp. salt
5 cups whole wheat flour
3 cups white flour

Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water with sugar. Let stand for 10 minutes. To hot water add molasses, oil and salt. Cool slightly. Add yeast mixture and white flour. Beat well. Gradually add the whole wheat flour. Knead for 12 minutes, until smooth and elastic.

Place dough in a greased bowl and turn to grease the top. Cover with plastic wrap and let rise until double. Punch down and knead for 2 minutes, shape into bread or rolls and place in well-greased pans. Let rise until double. Bake at 350°F for about 40 minutes, until well browned and hollow-sounding when tapped. Yields 4 loaves.

— from *Nova Scotia Inns and Restaurants Cookbooks*, Formac Press

Old-fashioned Porridge Bread

1 tbsp. dry yeast
1/2 cup warm water
1 tsp. sugar
1 1/2 cup oats
1 tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. salt
2 cups boiling water
1/2 cup molasses
4 to 4 2/3 cups white flour
wheat germ or oats to sprinkle on loaves
melted butter

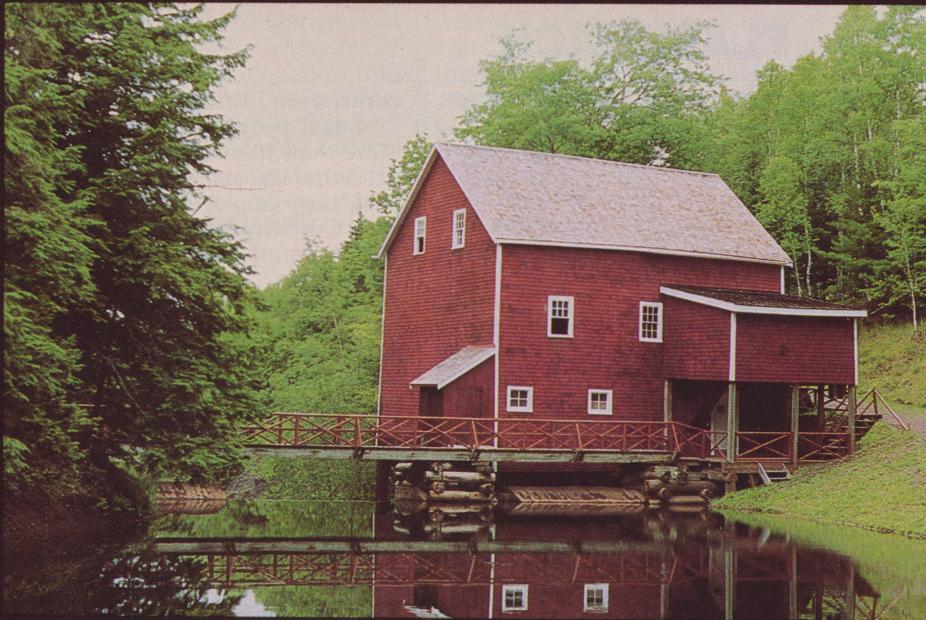
Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water with sugar. Let stand for 10 minutes until fluffy.

Combine oats, butter and salt in a large bowl, pour into boiling water and beat. Add molasses and beat again. When oat mixture has cooled slightly beat the yeast mixture and pour over oats. Stir to combine.

Add 4 cups flour, one cup at a time. Turn dough out onto a floured surface and knead in up to 2/3 cup more flour until desired consistency. Knead 7 to 10 minutes. Place dough in a greased bowl and turn to grease the top. Cover with a plate and let rise until double, about one hour.

Knead again for one minute. Cut dough in two and place in two 9" x 5" greased loaf pans. Sprinkle wheat germ or oats on top of loaves. Let rise until double, about one hour.

Preheat oven to 400°F. Add bread and immediately reduce heat to 350°F. Cook for 35 minutes until well browned and hollow-sounding when tapped. Immediately remove from pans and brush tops with melted butter. Yields 2 loaves.



A visit to the Balmoral Grist Mill is like stepping back to another era, listening to the sounds of ropes and pulleys, creaking floors and the grinding of millstones. Different stones grind grains for many kinds of flour: bran, white, rye, corn, barley and the most popular — whole wheat, oatmeal and buckwheat



FLASHBACK



WAYNE CHASE

The concrete shell is all that remains of a factory that distilled oil — or did it?

Technological hi-jinks in the Albert County oilfields

Nobody's sure how the thing worked — if it did at all; but a New York "colonel's" contraption to extract oil from shale still evokes memories of skulduggery

by Hans Durstling

For people who like their mysteries embellished with a touch of technology there's probably no more intriguing site to explore than the ruins of the "Maritime Education Company Limited" which loom grandly amid the shadows of the forest in a quiet corner of Albert County, N.B., south of Moncton.

Built in 1927, the Education Company factory at Rosevale was intended to distill oil, or "educt" it — the word means to extract one substance out of another — from the Albert County oil shale rock, a shale so permeated with petroleum that a thin flake will ignite in the heat of a match flame.

The story of its brief existence has all the elements of an Agatha Christie tale. There's the fast-talking, dapper-dressing "colonel" — K. E. Clayton Kennedy, the New York promoter who disappeared after less than a year amid lawsuits and unpaid wages — a cast of absentee in-

vestors who lost their shirts, and visiting shareholders swilled too full of beer to notice that the production process wasn't working.

Dubious though the promoter's practices at the plant turned out to be, the principle of distilling oil from shale has long been tested elsewhere: notably in Scotland, where the industry survived until the mid-1960s. And the delegations of British consulting geologists and mining engineers who repeatedly looked at the Albert County oil shales before the First World War pronounced them to be of better quality, greater extent and easier to access than the Scottish deposits.

So the process was plausible enough, and in 1926 when the newspapers began reporting the American investors' plans to distill the Rosevale oil shales, they favored the proposition. This, they said, might be the major development that had so often been predicted for Albert County hydrocarbons. For some, that prediction lies tantalizingly just-around-the-

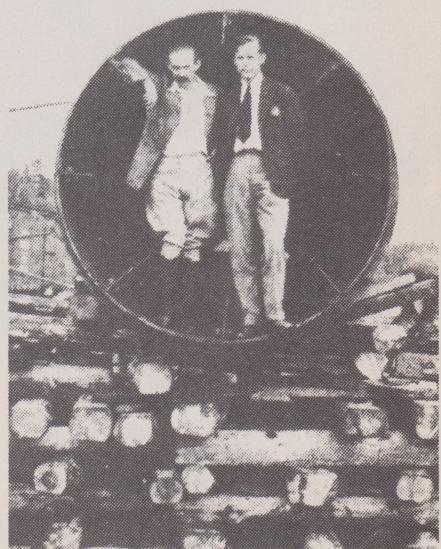
corner even to this day.

Local people were less optimistic. More than 100 were hired to help construct the plant and when they met the colonel, their employer, they figured they knew a shyster when they'd seen one. "He was a small man with big waxed moustaches," says 80-year-old Orland Jonah, of nearby Dawson Settlement, "and very dapper. You'd see him walking down the street and you'd think he was somebody. And, oh, could he talk. He'd give you hell just as quick as he'd give you the time of day."

The picture suggests one of those self-designated American "colonels" engaged in questionable pursuits across the continent in those days. Or was he, perhaps, actually what he claimed: a First World War pilot, who was once shot down and heroically survived? Orland Jonah inclines to the first view. "Just as smart as they come," he says, "and just as treacherous. Between you and me, I don't believe they ever took a barrel out of her. It was a stock-selling racket. They say there's fellows in the States went broke, put all they had into it. I know they spent an awful lot of money in there."

But if the company was, as local folklore holds, no more than a swindle from the start, why bother to build a plant which remains an impressive piece of construction even today in its ruined state? Why wouldn't the colonel have simply taken the money and run, sooner rather than later?

Always vocal, the colonel quickly complained to the press that the provincial government had neglected its promise to upgrade access to the site. In those days, the back roads of Albert County must have been truly awesome, and moving a 35-ton steel and lead retort — or distilling container — into position did turn out to be a formidable task. For the last, and worst, stretch of road it was load-



Locals knew that Kennedy (left) was a shyster

ed onto a series of caterpillar-tracked dollies towed in by a tandem team of bulldozers. Old photographs show it to be a tapering cylinder about 40 feet long. A man could comfortably stand upright inside the big end, and the small end was fitted with a ring gear to keep it rotating once it was in operation. After it was in place the retort was closed in with an arch-roofed brick firehouse which was built around it.

The oil shale to feed the retort was trenched by a massive steam-shovel out of the hillside above the plant. The trench remains very much visible today. In it, under a mulch of dead leaves, bits and pieces of old industrial debris rust away, including the front fender of a vintage car or truck and railroad spikes from the narrow-gauge track that carried the ore cars inside the trench downhill to the crusher building.

From the crusher, the shale went into the retort, the heart of the process, and the most technologically puzzling part. Orland Jonah says the retort was filled with lead, and "they had a heck of a fire going in there." In one way, the picture makes sense: shale immersed in molten lead much like eggs in boiling water. But simple high school calculations of volume and density show that, even a quarter full of lead, the retort would have weighed not 35 tons, but nearly a hundred. Local resident Ray Steeves, who also worked at the plant, is quoted in a 16-year-old newspaper article as saying that the retort was not filled, but only lined, with lead, and operated at 2,000 degrees F. At that temperature, steel glows bright yellow, its structural strength somewhere between butter and balsa wood, while lead is as liquid as tap-water at even half that heat.

Was it a liquid lead lining? How would it be kept in place? What might have been its function? Someone, 60 years ago, must have had an answer.

But all eyewitness reports agree that the retort had to be kept burning. And that was its weak point. Orland Jonah takes over the story: "They had to keep that going. Because, if they stopped that, well, you know what would happen. And by God, one night she stopped on them, and down she went. That ruined her. End of the retort. She sagged."

The accident spelled disaster — the end of whatever prospects of profit there may have been. In its aftermath the colonel stepped in with the flair for chicanery that has earned him a prominent place in local folklore.

According to the local stories, he had told his American shareholders that the plant was practically swimming on a sea of subterranean oil. An enticing picture, which, naturally enough, the investors were eager to see for themselves.

After the accident, when the investors were due to arrive, he sent his workers to the refinery at nearby Weldon to purchase a few barrels of crude from the Stoney Creek oil well, a small well (by present-day standards) which was then in peak production. The burners under the retort

were fired up so that, in all respects except that the retort wasn't turning, the factory appeared to be in normal operation. At the appropriate moment, the workers poured the Stoney Creek crude into the input end of the retort, and shortly thereafter Colonel K. E. Clayton Kennedy would proudly show it to the shareholders as it poured back out the production end.

But since it wouldn't do to have them look too closely, the colonel reinforced his purchased oil with measures leading to impairment of their vision. "All the shareholders, when they came," explains Orland Jonah, "were stopped at the bunkhouse and beered up. They were so drunk when they came out of there, they didn't know what they were seeing." The

workers watched with some amusement. "You had no trouble seeing them. I was right there. I saw one fellow, he had hold of a big tree, and puking right down through his arms. Oh, he was in an awful state!"

But booze and decoy oil notwithstanding, sooner or later the money had to run out. When that happened, in June 1928, Orland Jonah and his brother were still working at the plant. By sheer perseverance, they got the last two pay cheques the colonel ever signed. The others waited until it was too late.

"One night," says Jonah, "we were talking to this fellow, Large, who ran the steam-shovel. He said, 'Boys, I heard something today, and I'll know more

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FLASHBACK

about it tonight. You fellows are going in to Moncton. Call me, and if I tell you I'm coming in, tool box and all,' he said, 'I'm through.' We got in to Moncton and called him up. He said, 'Boys, wait for me at the station. I'm coming in, tool box and all.' We waited there, and he came in, and he said, 'Boys, Monday, get your cheques if you can and get out, because she's going to crack. There'll be no more money after that.'"

On Monday, the Jonah brothers presented themselves at the office. The cheque was there — unsigned. The colonel wasn't. And so began a week-long waiting game. "We were in there every God-blessed day until about Friday night," says Jonah. Fortunately they didn't clock off waiting at five in the afternoon for suddenly, late in the evening, they saw a light in the office window. "We went up and we caught the old fellow right in there, and oh, did he light into us for leaving. My brother, he said, 'Well, by the looks of things, it's about time to leave.' I don't want to hear anything about that,' says the colonel, 'give me the cheques. I'll sign the damn things!'"

And with amusement in his voice as he recalls that 60-year-old success story, Jonah concludes, "And he signed the cheques, and nobody ever got one after. That was the last issue of cheques that ever came out. And you know, some of those fellows that lived around there, they stayed around, they hung around all that summer."

No one ever showed up to pay them off, and one by one they wandered away. The last that was heard of the colonel was the year after, when another company he'd organized to take over the Education Company's assets became embroiled in a lawsuit with a local landowner. Since then, nothing.

Was it a swindle from the start? Or might the process have worked, profitably or otherwise, but for the accident that disabled the retort? Was the retort workable, with its mysterious content of lead, or was it merely a technological pipe-dream? Did the Education Company produce anything at all in the brief time the retort actually turned? The overgrown ruins in the woods of Albert County yield no answer.

Finally, the factory contents were sold for scrap and dismantled. The retort may have ended up as scrap-iron in New Glasgow. Bit by bit, the woods took over the buildings and the trench. Foundations and a concrete shell are all that remain. Trees grow inside the buildings out of the moss on the floor. Someone has put a dead tree trunk into the manhole of an underground storage tank so that people poking around the site won't fall in. The roof is long gone, but deeply etched into the concrete, the legend "Maritime Education Company Limited" still stretches over the front entrance in a swoop of script as conspicuous and flamboyant as K. E. Clayton Kennedy himself.



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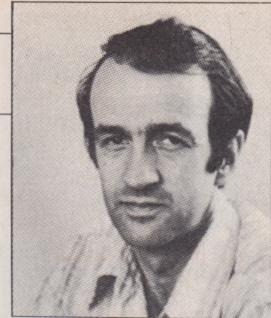
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Our changing economy — will it succeed?



When I became editor of *Atlantic Insight* nearly two years ago (I've been replaced, starting with this issue, by Sharon Fraser), we at the magazine decided to keep an eye out for new entrepreneurs and their companies as the main emphasis of the business section. We sought out businesses making a success at manufacturing something, as opposed to providing a service or retailing — manufacturing usually being indicative of a wider phenomenon.

Although I'd been saying for a decade that there was a new entrepreneurial spirit sprouting through the ruins in Atlantic Canada, I nevertheless expected this particular vein to be mined out quickly. To my surprise the success stories kept coming. Some were impressive, like Atlantic Mini-Fridge Inc. of Moncton which has been making small refrigerators for hotel rooms for only a couple of years but has been taking part of the North American market away from European manufacturers; or Torvaig Inc. of Centrelea, N.S., which won a price war with national companies making foam cups and captured much of the Maritime market for that product. What appears to be merely a scratch of the surface reveals small, fairly new companies making wooden toys, beds, clocks, knives and cymbals, to name just a few. And a similar activity seems to be going on in the wider economy where people are, more and more, innovating, inventing, forming new businesses or merely finding different forms of freelancing or subcontracting.

So the urge to self-start is making a comeback. What does it mean? How significant is the phenomenon? Some would say not very much. Given the region's continuing and overwhelming dependence on unemployment insurance, equalization and other federal payments, any increased sense of self-reliance is hardly making a dent in a gloomy economic picture. Besides, businesses go under too at a fairly brisk rate (a bunch have closed in the Halifax area as a result of the end of offshore drilling) and so the gain in jobs, if any, from the creation of new businesses may be small. We need jobs in the thousands, some voices say, not in the half-dozens.

Yet the point is not whether entrepreneurship is or is not a significant economic force. The point is that it must become one. It's one of the few instruments we have at hand with which to make the very tough transition ahead: from a government-subsidized economy to one which is supported by the federal

government to a far lesser degree. The pressures to cut back federal transfer payments of various sorts are no temporary political aberration. They're dictated by government debt and increasing sentiment in the U.S., the market for 80 per cent of our exports, to the effect that government subsidy, no matter how indirect, makes any product the target for countervailing duty.

The idea of an entrepreneurial economy in Atlantic Canada has a strange and eccentric ring. The experience of the past 50 years has burned into our psyche the notion that nothing can work here, at least for very long. Among those private entrepreneurs who did appear during that time, and did make things work, the most prominent among them — Irving, Sobey, McCain, Joudrey — were cast in stone and given the status of demigods. The implication of this was that ordinary mortals couldn't do much of anything.

And yet Maritimers and Newfoundlanders were known for their capacity to "make things go" under difficult circumstances. They could make and fix and keep things in running order. They were known for their skills in crafts, in woodworking and so on. The elements for entrepreneurship were there, although the conditions weren't right. Many would-be entrepreneurs had left after the thriving Maritime economy of the late 19th century collapsed, and few of those who remained knew anything about markets or financing. By the 1960s government policy made things worse. Both federal and provincial governments were virtually hostile to small business creation as they tried to attract large, usually foreign-owned plants with government subsidies. Dozens of such plants either closed forthwith or were out-and-out scams. It was a formidable embarrassment for Atlantic Canada.

Governments still tend to chase such plants (witness the competition between Maritime provinces over the Litton Systems plant — ultimately won by Nova Scotia, the worst offender in this regard — at a formidable cost per job), but on the whole they all have policies now to facilitate the formation of small business. In the middle of their breathless pursuit of the big deal about a dozen years ago, these governments were stopped short not so much by the failure of their quest as by the shocking information that small business accounts for 80 per cent of job creation in Canada and mostly everywhere else in the western world.

In the period between the Depression and the early 1970s there were entrepreneurs around, but the idea of entrepreneurship was dead. It's this that was abnormal; it's this that, in hindsight, should have a strange and eccentric ring. An economy with room to breathe normally is marked by a plethora of small businesses — by people and companies that make many things, provide many services. It's happening in only a small way in Atlantic Canada so far. But the idea is alive, and that's perhaps the most important thing.

To say that the spirit of entrepreneurship lives, however, is not necessarily to announce a bright new dawn. People sometimes start businesses out of necessity, because there are no jobs. Many fail — and a business failure is inevitably painful and costly. But the fact that he or she tried is a benefit to society. It's a show of strength over the psychology of dependency that has become dangerously prevalent in these parts. And a failure may not be a dead loss. The individual may learn something of value, and may succeed in a second attempt. If the venture succeeds, of course, it is a boon both to the individual and society, especially if the goods or services produced are exported, or replace imports on the local markets.

And, too, a shift to more small and medium-sized businesses may be a sign of our increased competitiveness, but it's also a sign of our increasing impoverishment. As the soft, well-paying jobs in public institutions slowly disappear, displaced individuals who find equivalent work in the private sector will find themselves working harder for less money and fewer benefits. In some cases they'll find themselves doing the same job for less money and fewer benefits, as governments and large companies successfully farm work out to subcontractors.

The switch from a largely subsidized economy to a largely entrepreneurial one is a traumatic affair. It's happening now to some degree and the process is likely to accelerate. Whether the switch is successful depends on the response of many individuals in society, on their courage in taking a chance and creating new forms of enterprise and activity. If the switch fails, if the entrepreneurial seed now planted rots in the ground, the region is in for another half-century like the last one. What I see around me, difficult as it is to measure in concrete terms, tells me that the seed is strong and that the plant will hold firm.

Amazing grace



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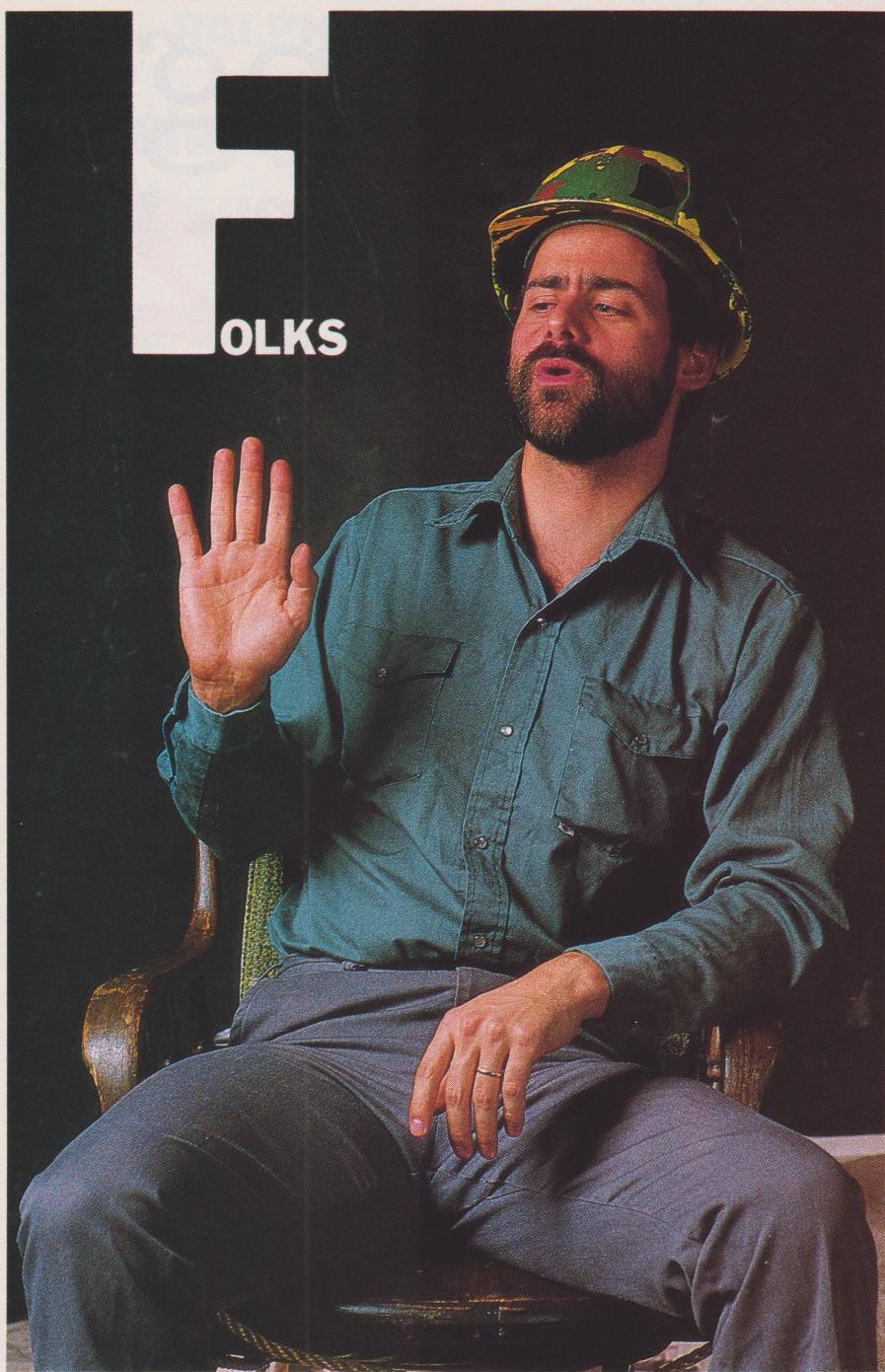
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Marshall Button as "Lucien," the working-class hero: "Take your time. Take a break"

He's cynical and opinionated, but Acadian millworker "Lucien" from Dalhousie, N.B., has nevertheless become the latest working-class hero in the region.

Lucien is the alter-ego of **Marshall Button**, a New Brunswick actor and co-founder of the five-year-old theatre group, The Comedy Asylum. Button, 28, created the Lucien character after working for five summers in a paper mill in his home town, Dalhousie. He says Lucien is narrow in his views and isolated because of living in northern New Brunswick — "Anything beyond the border is where the dragons are for him." But he's highly likable because of his wry sense of humor and instant recogniz-

ability. "We've all met a person like Lucien at some time or another," Button says.

The play is a two-hour monologue, during which Lucien advises his workmate, an imaginary summer student, on the unwritten rules that govern life in the mill and life in general. "Take your time," he insists. "No one's asking you to kill yourself working. Take your time. Safety first. Take a break."

Lucien's a master of "Franglais," — primarily English peppered with French words and intonations — and right now Button's putting together an opposite version, mainly in French. It's authentic working-class humor that's been striking

a chord even with middle-class audiences around the region.

Button began performing Lucien in 1977 as a skit for friends at parties. Later, it grew into a 20-minute segment of The Comedy Asylum show, *Maritime Mixed Grill*, but, says Button, "the character just demanded more and more." In 1985 he approached Janet Amos, artistic director at Theatre New Brunswick, who agreed to his proposal for a full-length show.

Since then, Lucien has played across New Brunswick; he travelled to Halifax last fall and he'll tour Western Canada later this year. Says Button: Lucien's "a truly Maritime character" who has become a New Brunswick ambassador in the rest of the country.

After 50 years of tinkering and building musical instruments, **John Clarey** has an assortment of fiddles that not only ring like a bell — but rival the colors of the rainbow.

"I never liked going in to a shop and seeing all those fiddles looking the same," says the 74-year-old Prince Edward Islander, who has constructed more than 25 violins finished in a variety of colorful stains. He has blue fiddles, red fiddles, and even what he calls his Irish fiddle — green, of course.

A native of Murray River, Clarey built his first musical instrument — a plywood guitar — back in the '30s. "I just laid the thing on a piece of paper and drew around it to get the size," he laughs. "It was good enough for hoedowns." A retired building contractor, Clarey also makes furniture and grandfather clocks.

After years of trial and error, his fiddles are finely crafted and much sought after. He declines most offers to buy them, but he's given some away and



Clarey: crafting colorful fiddles



ALEX MURCHISON

Nye creates costumes and lovingly restores antiques

designed a special half-size violin for his grandson. He also likes playing the fiddle himself, but only in the privacy of his back porch.

He says that increasing costs for materials, and 100 hours of labor per fiddle, may prompt him to lay the saw and chisel aside. Inside his latest creation are the words: "John A. Clarey, 1986, final violin." But chances are that his love of crafting instruments is too strong to be put aside.

He says his final project, this winter, will result in a guitar "just for me." But in the same breath he mentions the Scottish fiddle he's yet to make, a plaid one, "and you know, I even have it figured out how I'll get the tartan effect."

Ken Nye of Hampton, N.S., can often be found under a cloud of dust, jute, straw or burlap. "I try to re-create history visually," says Nye, who uses flat irons and an old-fashioned treadle sewing machine to create period costumes and restore antique furniture.

Nye's work ranges from the refurbishing of museum artifacts to making costumes and props for theatre and TV, and he's won international awards for the town criers' costumes he created for Dartmouth and Middleton, N.S. For Rod Collyer, Dartmouth's town crier, he hand-embroidered hundreds of tiny darts and arrows on silk cloth to make a vest complete with built-in paunch.

Nye, 31, is originally from Ontario, where he studied theatre arts and costume design. He first visited Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley on a vacation, moved there three years ago and now lives in a log cabin he and a friend built in Hampton. It's proven a good place to practise his trade. "I've been working since the time I got here, and I haven't once looked for work," he says. "People keep finding me."

Right now, he's decorating four large homes — soon to be country inns — for Heritage Hotels, a Nova Scotia chain. Restoring each room to its original Victorian style is a painstaking job, and includes designing carpets that will later be custom-woven, and wallpaper that will be custom-printed.

But Nye says his favorite thing is "actually working with my hands — sewing draperies or upholstering a chair." And he says he's always known what he wanted to do. "I was one of those children who had a

direction very early in life. I was always very interested in history and old things."

Jenny Coombs of Windsor, N.S., expects to make a fortune at the racetrack this summer. Her own racetrack, that is.

Coombs, who's 19, is studying to be a veterinarian, and last year she created her own summer employment; she built a 50-foot oval racetrack and trained nine pigs to run its length. "Jenny's Racing Pigs" became the hit of the season, drawing large crowds at the Atlantic Winter Fair, Hants County Exhibition and other fairs in the area.

When the starting gate is raised, the pigs start running. Their incentive? Coombs waits at the finish line, holding a bagful of Oreo cookies. "They all know that the winner gets the most cookies."

Coombs says her favorite thing about racing pigs is "the pigs. I just love them. Pigs are much smarter than horses or cows, and easy to train." The next best thing, she says, is the money. She sold a horse to finance the idea, and invested \$6,000 in buying a trailer, the pigs, props and hundreds of bags of cookies. Last summer she made a profit of just under \$2,000, but this year she plans to hit the big time. A Quebec fair organizer has offered her a contract to do eight week-long fairs, at \$8,000 a week, and she'll also appear at fairs in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Coombs says she never expected her racing pigs to be so profitable. She started out hoping they would pay her way through the Nova Scotia Agricultural College in Truro, and would help her prepare for her future as a vet.

Some onlookers have said "Porkchop Downs" makes a mockery of animals, noting that the male pigs wear stick-on bowties and the females don tutus. And Coombs, who's fond of her pigs, says the hardest part is "seeing them go." She sold

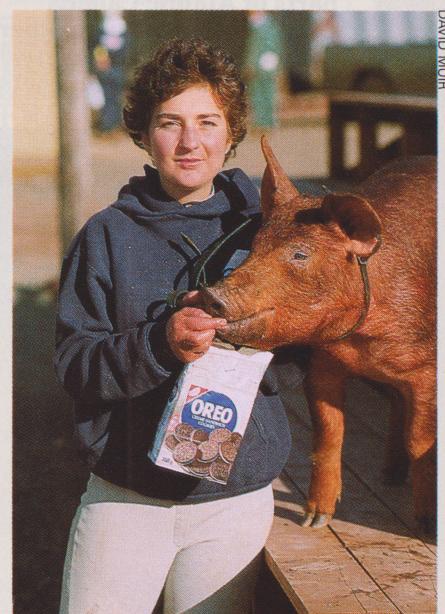
last year's track stars to the butcher in November, and will buy a new litter in May.

Margie McMillan and Nora Lester resurrected a bit of St. John's history when they opened Newfoundland's only children's bookstore in September of last year and called it *Granny Bates*.

The store is located at the base of Bates Hill, in the city's downtown. It was known as *Granny Bates Hill* at the turn of the century, when youngsters with sleds used to flock to its daredevil slope every winter.

McMillan and Lester are proud of the name's significance, and they're proud of what they're doing. "I've ordered books from a children's bookstore in Halifax and from Toronto for my kids," says Lester, "but why should Newfoundlanders have to do that when we can have our own store right here?"

Lester, 37, and McMillan, 40, decided on the idea over tea one afternoon. They were wondering what they'd do with their spare time when their youngest kids started school. The women — both mothers of two and former teachers — share a strong interest in children's literature and, since McMillan had thought about entering the book business ten years before, a kids' bookstore seemed a natural choice. "The more we talked about it," says McMillan, "the more excited we became."



DAVID MUR

Coombs makes it big racing pigs

Their personal tastes have helped them to develop a solid cross-section of Canadian, British and American books. Lester prefers picture-books for preschoolers, while McMillan is more interested in novels for pre-teens and adolescents.

Both can rhyme off several good Newfoundland titles, but they say locally published books won't be given special treatment. "We're not catering to the tourist trade," says McMillan. "We're catering to Newfoundlanders."

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RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Recipe must feature and identify at least one ingredient grown or produced in Atlantic Canada.
2. Each entry must be accompanied by a brief description of the heritage, ethnic origin or history of the recipe (at least 50 words).
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4. Entry must state appropriate food category (see categories listed).



AM WEEKEND

5. Please supply either imperial or metric measure.
6. All entries become the property of Insight Publishing Limited and will not be returned. We may modify entry as appropriate for publication.
7. Recipe must not contain brand names.
8. Entries should be postmarked no later than January 31, 1987.
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11. Contest is open to any Canadian resident, except employees of Insight Publishing, or sponsors of the contest and their employees.
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13. Recipes must be submitted along with entry form, legibly written, printed or preferably typed (double spaced) on white 8 1/2" x 11" paper.
14. Entrant must be willing to participate in the promotional event relating to the contest.

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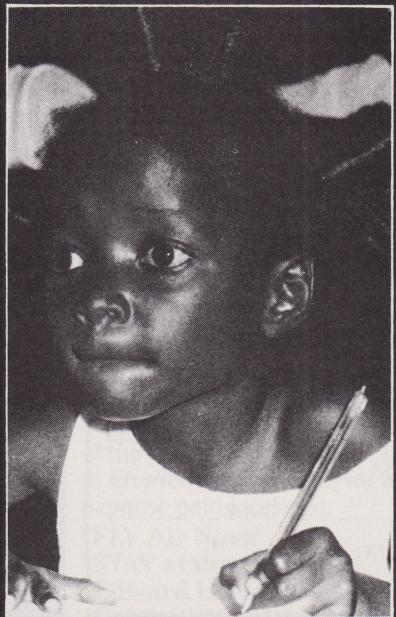
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Honorah Davis' Pumpkin Pie

I grew up on a farm in the Annapolis Valley and fresh pumpkin pie has been an autumn tradition in my family for generations. I would like to submit my grandmother's recipe for pumpkin pie to your Heritage Recipe Contest. I can remember as a child helping Grandma to peel, cut and cook the pumpkin before she mixed in the egg, milk and sugar for the pie filling. I have adapted this recipe to suit my busy life and now we prepared pumpkin instead fresh (everything else is done the traditional way). Grandmother did it all, I just unlatch the oven, mix the ingredients and bake it.



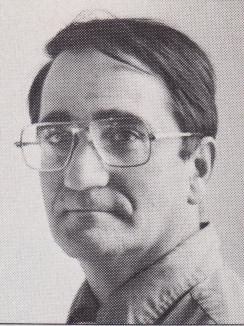
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RAY GUY'S COLUMN

Slogging through snow



Although I myself am not fluent in the Inuit language, there is one fact about it that makes it superior to my own native tongue. In Inuit, there are 40 or more names for snow and ice.

Now this is where my language has fallen down badly. There's not an inch of outdoor Canada that doesn't have snow and ice on it at some time or another... if we disregard a few hot springs and horse manure heaps.

Snow and ice is what Canada is famous for. Acres, miles, provincefuls of it. But, if we leave aside blasphemy and fornication, we really don't have enough descriptive names for it.

There's "robin snow," I suppose, those postage-stamp swirls on a sunny April day, and "corn snow" for that sprinkling of icy ballbearings the skiers favor and the notorious "yellow snow" which youngsters are warned never to ingest.

In spots like Newfoundland there's local usage for sea ice like clammers and bergy bits and growlers and sish... but nothing that would keep a cocktail party alive in Mississauga or Bell's Corner.

Even the weather forecasts — best taken as light entertainment rather than a tool for living — don't get much past snow, sleet, hail or frost, although "whiteout" shows promise.

For a nation that pops off descriptive phrases like privatization and specificity and worst-case-scenario and Iona Campagnolo we're embarrassingly dumb on snow and ice.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaims the pedant. "If it's white and cold, it's snow and if it's white and cold and slippery, it's ice. Let's not go into overtime, eh?"

Silly person, would he so describe a single-serving boil-in-a-bag flash-frozen fillet of sole?

As a worst-case-scenario, consider the substance under your left front tire at 9:38 a.m. on a Monday morning. It is ice and snow of a sort but you never see the like of it on Christmas cards.

What you've got down there is a complex mixture that deserves a more accurate name than "ice" or "snow" in any proper Canadian dictionary.

There are bits of shredded front door mat, half a package of table salt, the dregs from a jug of windshield washer, bits of melted asphalt and snowtire, ashes from the fireplace and the contents of the kitty litter box including, possibly, the kitty.

This is driveway sherbet. It has the miraculous power to constantly renew itself the more you spin your wheels. Vast

quantities are sprayed up the front of the house and all over the snivelling but curious kiddies who are late for school.

In the Inuit language, there is a word for this which I believe is loosely translated as "should have taken a damn taxi in the first place."

City snow is never plain snow for long. At tremendous expense to the taxpayer, city snow is augmented and enhanced and constantly rearranged. It is salted and sanded and tripled in volume before being blown back into your driveway again.

You can always tell a Canadian by his shins. The average Canadian shin is white and doughy and thoroughly pickled almost to the knee.

This is because we slog about through strong municipal brine for from four to six months of the year. The boot or the trouser leg acts as a wick which draws the embalming fluid up the limbs and, in severe winters, has been known to achieve the pelvis.

A great advantage of this liquefied and seasoned snow is that it will soon teach your treacherous and perfidious motor vehicle a lesson it will never forget.

After a long and dreary winter of spinning tires, dead batteries and savage ineffectual kicks to the front bumper, there is no more heartening experience than to watch your satanic buggy rise on the garage hoist and have the whole bottom drop out of it like a huge graham cracker.

Some drivers have to wait through as many as two winters before getting this sweet revenge but most cities across the country now have modern and efficient Rust Enhancement Departments.

There's a Canadian universality about snow and in Newfoundland we get the concentrated product. This is because of the prevailing winter westerlies. In suburban Vancouver your Shih Tzu frolics in the same snow which, weeks later, entertains your Lhasa apso in Mount Pearl.

By evaporating, congealing, descending and evaporating again the same parcel of snow leap-frogs the continent picking up dead starling mites in Calgary and desiccated pizza duff in Scarborough and finally dumping the whole enriched mix on the Avalon Peninsula.

Little chaps playfully rubbing their classmates' faces in the stuff discover that it whiskers away troublesome noses and ears without a trace while their older sisters lave in a decoction of it so as to achieve that oh-so-groovy bland expression.

In more ways than one, snow gives Canada its special identity.

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"Dad, you've got to help me."

"Sandy, what's wrong? Are you hurt?"

"No, Dad, I'm fine."

"Where are you?"

"At Pat's. We all came over here to celebrate after the game."

"It's almost 12:30. Isn't it time you called it a night?"

"That's just it. Remember you always told me if I was out never to drive with anyone who's had too much to drink? And not to be afraid to call you if I had no other way of getting home? Well, tonight I'm taking you at your word."

"Stay right there. I'm coming to pick you up."

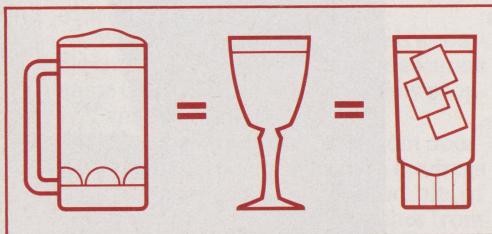
"Thanks, Dad. Oh, and something else."

"Shoot."

"Are you angry with me?"

"Angry? No, Sandy. Not on your life."

Seagram



12 oz. regular beer, 5 oz. table wine and 1½ oz. spirits are equal in alcohol content. Be equally careful with each.